

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

THE preaching brethren of the Methodist faith, at their Monday morning meeting, discussed Miracles. It seems to me, if I were a preacher, that I would avoid this topic whether I believed in miracles or not. The fact that doubters and scoffers pitch upon miracles as a convenient battle-ground is enough to justify an avoidance of even a seeming difference of opinion amongst preachers. The truth or falsity of the Bible does not depend upon miracles; in fact, the more we insist upon miracles having been performed, the more grounds we give to superficial reasoners for the belief that all Divinely-inspired truth rests upon as slim evidence as that which we have for the verification of miraculous events. All animal and vegetable life is a miracle more difficult to reason out than the story of Jonah and the whale, the fiery chariot, the restoration of sight to the blind, Christ walking on water, the healing of the sick, or the resurrection of the dead. It is easier for the finite reason to grasp the idea of life returning in similar form to a body which has once contained that life, or a similar phenomenon of life, than it is to imagine life being given to that which is dead or has never been recognized as having been alive. It may be, as some of the Methodist brethren argued, that the laws of nature with which we are unacquainted were invoked to produce miracles, or that Christ, being God, could do anything He wished, and was disposed to manifest His power. It seems to me entirely immaterial. Those who know enough about nature to have some faint glimmering of its wonders may, if necessary, apply their reasonings, not only to the miracles of two thousand years ago, but to the miracles of to-day. As I have frequently ventured to remark, while we have unsolved before us the mystery of a blade of grass or the variegated colors of the blossoms on shrub and tree, and the variety of grasses and grain and fruit which come from the same soil, we but "darken counsel with words without wisdom" when we return to the discussion of Jonah and the whale, and similar improbable things which were doubtless used as illustrations rather than intended to be swallowed, whole fashion, as historical facts. I have possibly lost as little time as the average man in thinking about my soul, its place of origin and its ultimate destination, yet I hold that miracles are not going to make me think about it, for in itself it is a greater miracle than anything which can be described to me.

By the way, talking of souls, why should people talk so much about them? I know I have drifted into the habit of putting the soul up for discussion whenever I touch on a religious topic, and I know many other people who never appear to think or speak of the soul except when they are engaged in a theological dispute, or are seeking for a club to throw at the ministers whom we all accuse of neglecting the unceasing pursuit of and salvation of souls. I have not the slightest intention of being irreverent, but we all know that the healthy man never discusses his stomach, nor does he lie awake nights thinking about his liver, or spend money on having doctors sound his heart. Now, why does a man with a healthy soul feel bothered about it, and why should the whole world be in such an everlasting uproar with regard to saving the souls of people who do not know they have any, any more than a healthy man knows that he has a stomach?

In reading "The Preparation of Ryerson Embury," I was struck with the fact that the lad who went up to the penitent bench and was anxious to be prayed for, was not really anxious about his soul, but was much disturbed on account of his freedom from such anxiety. Other people seemed to be worrying about their souls, and he felt that he should be in trouble over his. Now where do we get this notion that we should begin doctoring our souls before we feel that they are sick? Is it a part of a preacher's duty to alarm us about our souls when we are unaware we have any? The conventional idea derived from the doctrine of total depravity leads parents and spiritual advisers to unsettle the child at as early an age as possible with regard to his or her soul and its fitness to be projected from this world into the next. I am beginning to doubt the wisdom of this practice. The soul is entirely dissimilar to any physical organ, but let us take one of the most necessary organs of the human frame and apply the same kind of treatment to it that the soul of a child receives from religious parents and pious teachers.

Parents, as a rule, do not tell a child that it has a stomach. They feed it what is presumed to be wholesome, and if the child is healthy it grows to manhood, and frequently goes over the hill of life and through old age and into the grave without being aware that it could not exist without a stomach, or that a stomach has been of any great assistance to it. I have had old men tell me that they never knew they had a stomach except from hearing other people talk about theirs. I am confident that their ideas with regard to the size and functions of that organ were as indefinite as yours or mine are with regard to our souls. Yet that stomach had held milk, green apples, porridge, fried liver, hickory nuts, badly cooked meat, doughy puddings, indescribable varieties of bread, strong butter, twenty different varieties of grease, probably a number of daily doses of nicotine, was loaded with numerous slugs of gin, beer, etc., toughened up with Limburger cheese, apple sauce, hard-boiled eggs, pork, tripe, pigs' feet, clams, and a hundred other things that life is too short to enumerate. The man was born with a good stomach and digested all these things, lived to a good old age, and was probably good-natured, religious, and did his duty as a member of a family and a unit of society. He never worried about his stomach, nor did he struggle with regard to his liver, or have any fears of heart failure or softening of the brain.

Other people start in, and their parents are doctoring their poor little stomachs and lecturing them with regard to them, until life is one perpetual resistance of things they want to eat and think they should not eat. They have dyspepsia before they can read or write, and liver complaint with palpitation of the heart before they get their wisdom teeth. The more they are talked to about it the worse they feel, until by and by there is not a symptom in a doctor's book or a patent medicine ad, that they have not felt. It is people with this sort of a soul, this dyspeptic soul, who have had too much to do with making our creeds and fixing the conventionalities of religious life. There is only one miracle to a dyspeptic, and that is something that has to do with the stomach. So to the dyspeptic soul there is but one miracle, and that must take the shape of an instantaneous change of a bad soul into a good one. These miracles never happen, and so the dyspeptic finally believes that his stomach is incurable and is the bane of his life, and in like manner the dyspeptic soul feels that he is bound to have aches and pains in the indefinite place where his spark of eternal life is located, until the flesh puts on immortality.

In view of this, why should we be worrying children about their souls before they know they have a stomach, or a liver, or will catch cold if they get wet feet? Why should we be putting their souls in gum boots and wrapping them up with mufflers and giving them hot spiritual tea to drink, and coddling the spark of immortality—which, of all things we possess, ought to be able to take care of itself, as it cannot die—until it becomes the most painful possession of a boy or man, a girl or woman? It seems to me that a good, healthy young soul ought not to be fed on miracles as they are—such as Jonah and the whale, the fiery chariot, and the removal of Enoch. They ought to be let alone till they be-

gin to want something, begin to know something, begin to feel that they have functions to perform.

In this I am not arguing that the child and youth should not have proper surroundings and proper education, any more than I would suggest that the child should be physically let do as it absolutely pleases, and probably permanently injure some vital organ thereby. However, it is not the habit to let the soul grow and expand and reach for its food. The baby soul is fed on miracles, is frightened with hell; it is stimulated with vague promises of God taking special care of it if it does, or leaves undone, certain things which it does not understand any more than it does God or goodness, or the whereof its immortality. Miracle sermons and miracle stories, like miracle plays and inventions of mediaeval poets, are perhaps like the fairy tales of the nursery, scraps of a truth or a fragment of a dream, or an illustration, pulled out of connection with the laws of nature or the context of history to astound the mind and to fix the attention. When mankind was in its childhood wonderful things were recited to illustrate truth or to draw attention to truth, and later it is quite possible that they have been taught as truths.

But it would seem to plain, everyday folk as if the soul of the modern person must be fed on a different diet in order to avoid religious dyspepsia and that spiritual hypochondria which makes one the victim of every imaginary ailment and leads the one suffering from it to presume that everybody's soul and stomach and liver and joints are all aching, distorted, and out of shape. This world certainly has plenty

ar numerous and irritating. Strings of people are continually pouring in and out of places where they have no real business, either asking for donations or trying to dispose of something which is not wanted. I mention these facts in order to prevent as much as possible the well-intended church enumerators from feeling that they have been used with distinctly too little courtesy. No doubt we shall hear from some of them, who will feel compelled to write letters to newspapers, and it may be that clergymen will take the opportunity of telling their congregations what bad manners non-church-goers have shown during this census episode.

Looking at the other side of the question, it may be asked what right have the churches to appoint enumerators to go from door to door asking of people where they go to church; if not, why not, and where would they go if they had their choice? It is a rather delicate question to ask the woman at the door whether she has any family, for she may not be married, and if so, do they go to Sunday school, and where, and if not, why not? In the majority of instances the census-takers will doubtless have shown tact, but the large number employed and their inexperience will result in many stupid and embarrassing blunders. I hold that not only the church people, but all those who have charge of humanitarian and benevolent institutions have a right to know who needs assistance, either physically or spiritually, but it must be admitted that those in pursuit of this information should go about their tasks delicately, and not with the effrontery of those who feel themselves to be extra good

sorted out and handed over to the churches for whom preferences have been stated, and these can be again divided up amongst the subdivisions of each denomination contiguous to the people who are to be visited or corresponded with. No doubt many people will feel more like going to church if they have a written invitation from the pastor, and those presenting a card of invitation to the ushers can be shown to seats and politely told that those sittings will be gladly reserved for them in case of regular attendance. But if the work is bungled after the census is taken and the invitations are issued, the visitors will feel sore, and more harm than good will have been done to a good cause.

The churches should feel that they are undertaking a very important and delicate task, and it is to be hoped they appreciate the danger of seeking out the religiously homeless, only to treat them badly, or to make them more than ever feel they are unwelcome or unworthy of attention. The greatest possible tact will be required to make this work count for righteousness, for it is much better not to make a man's acquaintance than to know him to-day and ignore or snub him to-morrow. In the first instance the man would not dislike you, insomuch as he did not know you nor presume that you knew him; in the second case, having been cultivated as worthy one day and shaken off or ignored the next, will cause hate to spring up where there was nothing at all before. Of course it is easy for those of us who are not in the work at all to sit and give directions, but then returning right here to the essence of the whole question under discussion, we find that the church-workers in this matter have deliberately gone out to mind other people's business, and that their only excuse for doing this, the only thing that keeps it from being an impertinence, is their intention to do people good. If this is not done, if every means possible is not employed by those who originated this census idea, then the whole business can be fairly classified as a freak, and a rather impudent freak at that. I do not believe that, with the vast amount of information which the churches will have before them, the great opportunities to do good will be neglected, except by some individuals who are delegated to follow up personal cases. Whether the work will be well done or persisted in, as it must be in order to be beneficial, the Lord only knows, and the rest of us will perhaps be avoiding well-directed charges of not minding our own business if we abstain from doing any guessing.

**T**HE daily newspapers are most unmercifully poking fun at Colonel Sam Hughes, who appears to be a victim of the letter-writing habit. As long as there was any mystery about the quarrel between Colonel Sam and General Hutton, the militiaman enjoyed all the benefit of having his name coupled with that of a distinguished personage. Since the publication of the Hutton-Hughes correspondence, Colonel Sam's friends have been hiding themselves under the barn, in hopes that the thing would soon be forgotten. The haughty and high-strung Hughes, however, refuses to be forgotten, and is writing more letters, the latest being dated from South Africa, in which he speaks of himself as having the best job of any Canadian thereabouts, and at the same time vents his wrath on General Hutton in a way that would get any schoolboy a first-class whaling. If he talks to his fellow-officers as he writes to his Canadian friends, it is a wonder if Colonel Hughes is not made to mess by himself and given command of a brigade of mules, for they are the animals most used to the literary style which Colonel Sam is just now affecting. His friends should send him word that while he may be making a record as a brave and competent soldier in South Africa, he is writing himself down a variegated, vulgar, boastful, vituperative and multifluous ass in the country of his birth.

**T**IS evident, from the discussion now going on in the newspapers, that the large grant made by the Federal Government to the Dominion Rifle Association, the Artillery Association and the Provincial Associations should be differently employed in order to better encourage rifle-shooting in the militia. It has been pointed out that several expert shots have for many years been carrying off large money prizes from the main association, and the recurrence of the same names in the list of prize-winners year after year suggests that the few instead of the thousands are getting the benefit of the annual appropriation.

The Auditor-General's report for last year shows the apportionment of the grant to have been as follows:

Dominion Rifle Association .....	\$15,000
Dominion Artillery Association .....	5,000
Provincial Associations .....	8,300
Battalion Associations .....	6,475
	\$34,775

The sending of a rifle team to Great Britain is not now as necessary as it was in the past, for the Canadians have established themselves both as shots and soldiers, but as it is mainly self-supporting this does not cut much figure. If a team goes hereafter let it be entirely at its own expense—officers and all.

It is evident that the wars of the future will be largely influenced by expert marksmen, and the way to train militiamen to shoot is to provide them with the best rifles and plenty of ammunition to be used in target shooting. Let the rifle-shooting of the whole militia be improved, rather than spend the money to create a few professional shots, who would not be numerous enough in case of either a home or foreign war to defend a country village. The system in vogue is an old one, and it is clearly a wrong one, for it gives \$28,300 to the Dominion and Provincial Associations, while only allowing \$6,475 to the battalions which should receive it all, or nearly all of it. The progress of events, the experiences of the present war in South Africa, and the general tendency to revolutionize the British army, all point to the necessity of remodelling our militia and making every man who wears the Queen's uniform as good a rifle shot as possible with the means which the country can properly spare for the purpose.

**G**RAND JURIES are mysteries to me, for I have been on no jury, grand or otherwise; but I have seen strange things done by those who have been selected as jurors to guard the constitution and do justice generally. The Grand Jury for the current Assizes and general jail delivery for the city of Toronto and county of York, have been at work, and I like the way these jurors have gone at things—as if they knew all about them and proposed to have things run right. Of course, when they tackled criminal business they were away from home, and hit things hard, which those who know how little anybody can know about criminals, would avoid. Still the Grand Jury is one of our safeguards, for it represents the people as interpreters of the law.

Well, the recent Grand Jury did not like the Sweat-box, where criminals are worked by detectives, et al, like dough, with an idea of getting the truth out of them. Looking at the thing from a farmer's standpoint this is right; but from a policeman's point of view it is wrong. Leave every man

## EVENTIDE.

From a painting by Laura Muntz.

The original of the above engraving was painted last summer in Holland. It was one of the most popular pictures in this year's R.C.A. exhibition at Ottawa, and is now on view at the Ontario Society Gallery in this city. The models were found in the little village of Rijsoord, midway between Rotterdam and Dordrecht. Here on the tow-path beside the canal, and looking down from the dyke, the peasants may be seen every Sunday, the women in their snowy caps, the men in loose black clothes and whitewashed wooden shoes, on their way to church. Miss Muntz induced a woman and her daughter to pose for a fortnight for the above picture.

real diseases which attack the body and the soul and the mind, and we might, aside from the good sense of the thing, out of pity, leave the childless soul alone till it begins to feel real pangs, before we send for the doctor and fill it full of alarming and indigestible spoon-food and debilitating medicine.

**V**ARIOUS opinions are being expressed with regard to the church census, which, with more or less accuracy, has just been taken in Toronto. Many people regard the invasion of their households by strangers who ask numerous questions, as inexcusable and a downright impertinence. Even policemen when they take a census, and those who take the names for a directory, as well as the officials who take the Dominion census, are regarded as Paul Prys, busybodies and sneaks. This view is particularly that of the ignorant, who scent some scheme for raising the taxes or being got into trouble whenever an enquirer with a pencil and note-book asks a question. That some of those who are taking the church census have met with rebuffs and have had doors slammed in their faces, goes without saying, but this treatment must not be ascribed to a popular dislike of religion, or a special unwillingness of people to give information with regard to their souls and where they go to church, or why they stay away, but to an innate prejudice against either official or unofficial collectors of information.

Everyone is not, apparently, aware that there is a general duty devolving on civilized humankind to be polite. Religious as well as irreligious people are prone to be snappish when they get a chance to turn a book agent, an insurance canvasser, a missionary, or a church worker, or indeed anybody who cannot make reprisal, from their doors. It is a mean streak which is too generally found in people who should know better, but it must be remembered that the trials of the householder, the business and professional man

and so endowed with high-grade piety that they have a right to demand information, rather than to seek it as a privilege. Before one can say that it is either impertinence or a duty to seek information of this sort, one should know the spirit and manner in which the information is sought, and the use which will be made of it. No direct answer can be given as to the method, or manner, or use, insomuch as many people of all sorts and dispositions have employed themselves in the task, and will continue to approach people with whom they are personally unacquainted in order to make use of their information.

Those who are prone to scoff at the usefulness of churches and to speak lightly of the efforts which religious organizations put forth to gather in the religiously homeless from the highways and byways and hedges, should be the last ones to make complaint when a concerted effort is made to find out the names, residence, tendencies and necessities of the religiously unattached thousands and tens of thousands of this city or any other. Many people who are quite settled in their church-going habits and cannot possibly be influenced by this census-taking, may be annoyed by what seem to them useless questions, but they should kindly remember that they are not the ones who are being sought for, but that everyone must be canvassed in order to make the work complete, and the few minutes required to give the information asked for is certainly not a great hardship, when so many willing workers have gone out for hours to trudge through the streets and put up with all sorts of receptions at the doors of strangers.

What use can be made of the census when completed appears to me as rather a vague proposition. True, circulars, postcards, even personal letters, can be addressed to those who have shown themselves open to persuasion, and personal visitations can also be made. The preferences which have been expressed for various denominations can, no doubt, be

to his business—the thief-catcher to his, and the grower of grain and cattle to his. Good men seldom go to jail or find themselves in the police station. Accidents may occur whereby real nice people may be embarrassed, but they are few, and redress is not hard to find. I think the Grand Jury may sleep of nights in the belief that decent citizens of the city of Toronto and county of York are not in the sweatbox, and the tellers of truth are not thumb-screwed for evidence. If they are, a jury is more than apt to make things right.

The Grand Jury's pointer against the street railway was more to the point. Citizens do not need to be experts to see that the Toronto Street Railway Company are running things to suit themselves. So say we all, and where them!!! Here is where a Grand Jury seems to come in, and the city is glad to welcome a voice which is not crying out for election to office, and which tells the truth in regard to corporate greed and disregard of civic warnings.

Now about boys being given tea at the Reformatory schools I am not so sure. I know that I am greatly opposed to tea as a drink for children or adults, for it is a stimulant which brings dire results in its wake. But I am opposed to a dozen people who may or may not understand the effects of tannic acid, suddenly dealing with a subject which may have occupied the minds of scientific people for years. Personally, I think children should not have tea, but I and those who have to do with public institutions would take more kindly to a rebuke on the giving of tea to reformatory boys if it were made in the shape of a suggestion rather than as a dogmatic proposition. I think the jurors are right, but many people are right who are not tactful or liable to do good by the issuance of too sweeping decrees. One cannot believe that growing lads can be helped by the drinking of tea, but one can be sure that grown people cannot be persuaded, or even largely influenced, by sweeping condemnations.

THE city School Board is agitated with regard to whether vertical or sloping penmanship should be adopted in all the forms of all the schools. So far the preference has been for vertical writing, but just why what is admitted to be the ugliest type of penmanship should be preferred, the public have not been informed. As I pointed out last week, penmanship is one of the most neglected studies in the schools of this and almost every other city, though it is the form of expression which, next to speech, has most to do with business and the creating of business opportunities for youth. It strikes me that the fact that the School Board is desirous of casting every child attending the Public schools into one mould of penmanship and forcing large and small, fat and lean, dull and smart, quick and slow, artistic and inartistic, phlegmatic and passionate, romantic and stolid, imaginative and materialistic, all into the use of one style—and that the one allowing for the least individuality—and demanding that the things squeezed in that mould shall come out all looking alike, is enough to advertise the incapacity of the whole outfit of school trustees, inspectors and teachers, in so far as they fall into line with this preposterous proposition.

Anyone who is conversant with the correspondence department of a commercial firm, a newspaper, or an enterprise of any kind which invites or permits large numbers of people to send letters, is aware that it takes but little skill, study or experience to describe the strongest characteristics and tendencies of the writers of letters. Experts in penmanship find traces in a comparison of ordinary samples of writing, which are sufficient in a law court to condemn as forgers people occupying high places. It is known that people cannot learn how to shake hands, and it is also a fact that people cannot force themselves into a particular class of handwriting. Nature does the forcing, and individuality finds expression.

Notoriously, handwriting is improperly taught in Toronto's Public schools. Whether it be perpendicular or "slantingdicular," the handwriting of nearly every schoolboy and schoolgirl is villainously crude. The commercial colleges, which may be very superficial in some regards, succeed in teaching children spoiled in Public schools fairly good handwriting in a couple of months, while the combined teaching and directing forces of the Public schools of Toronto cannot get good handwriting out of the children in from two to four years after they have learned primary writing, and if the children stayed there twenty years they would not produce good individual penmen. There is no reason why there should be any hard and fast rule as to slanting or vertical handwriting. The idea that the teacher should have, and that the governing forces of the school should have, is to produce legible handwriting which is not objectionable to the eye; handwriting which will look fairly well if only a line of it is presented, and which will also look well in a ledger or when massed on a commercial page. If there is not enough individuality in the teachers to sprout some little individuality in the pupil, then we may fall in with the proposition that our teachers are machines and our children are to be made the output of a machine.

It is absolutely abhorrent to some children to write vertically, and I can speak for perhaps as large a class as anyone in the city, that vertical handwriting is a torture to the ordinary reader, either literary or commercial, and that it is a bad recommendation when received in the letter of an applicant for a position. If the Toronto School Board are trying to get up a system of writing which will improve the work of the children, I can assure them that thousands of parents will applaud them, but they should understand that they are not dealing with a toy subject. Good writing is a commercial necessity; it is a social accomplishment; it is something which aids in the development of the writer's mind, and it should not be handled by a few half-baked trustees, nor the decision forced upon the Board by a couple of teachers or an inspector who know nothing about handwriting except whether they can read it or not.

BUDGET speeches as a rule are not very thrilling, but surely as a narrative of a nation's past, present and future they deserve a careful reading, which they seldom get. A budget speech, as a humorist said about the dictionary, which he endeavored to read as a serial story, "lacks plot and continuity of interest." Hon. Mr. Fielding's second attempt at budget speech making was quite a stunning success, not so much because of his skill in weaving dry details into a coherent recitation, as because he left most of the dry details out, and such figures as had to be included were of the most cheerful and gratifying character. He told of millions of dollars which had poured into the treasury beyond the necessities of expenditure, and said he had every reason to believe that during the present fiscal year more money would come in under a reduced rate of taxation than would be required for the large expenditures which are being conducted on the nation's behalf on a most liberal and progressive scale. Hon. Mr. Foster, though he had nearly a week to prepare his answer, found it impossible to disturb the statements made by the Finance Minister, and wisely ended a five-hour attempt at criticism by pronouncing a eulogy upon Canada, a declaration which was, no doubt, intended to mean that so great and inexhaustible are her resources that any excuse for a Finance Minister could not at present prevent her prosperity and the happiness and wealth of her people. This was a pleasant culmination of the meeting of the Finance and ex-Finance Ministers. The battle is generally longer and much more bitter. As a matter of fact, there is very little to fight about, and the populace, as well as the politicians, feel inclined to accept our good fortune without abusing one another or falling out with Providence.

The increase of the British preference in our tariff, which now gives the goods of Great Britain an entrance into our markets at a third less customs taxation than the goods of any other country, marks an important epoch in the drawing together of the Northern Zone of America and the Heart of the Civilized World. The Government have shown great political astuteness by their manner of handling this

question and their manipulation of the Opposition. Even before the budget speech was delivered, the Opposition had shown its hand and was put out of court by the shrewd tactics of the Ministers. Dr. Montague cheerfully gave himself up and led his Conservative friends into the preferential trap, out of which they will emerge never. The Opposition must now fight the preferential tariff, little as their stomachs incline them to that sort of a fray, and opposed as nearly all the followers are to the position into which they have been forced. The discussion of the budget is not yet old enough to make it as evident as it will become that the Opposition, active and unattached to principle as they have become, can occupy two sides of a question at once. Either the preferential tariff is some good to Great Britain or it is not. If it is not, it will be because Great Britain cannot sell certain goods in Canada in competition with other countries, even though favored by a third less customs tax. If this is the case, who is the loser by the existence of a preferential tariff? Not Great Britain, because she cannot sell the goods under any circumstances. Not Canada, because either some other countries can sell the goods and pay the full tariff rate, or they cannot. If they cannot, then Canada will make the goods herself, and the purchaser will simply have the advantage of a preferential tariff to keep the manufacturer from charging too high a price. The Canadian manufacturer will not be hurt, because he can still make the goods and sell them. The consumer will not be injured, because he can buy the goods a little cheaper than he could have done if the tariff had not been reduced.

On the other hand, let us take the goods which Great Britain can sell to us under the preferential tariff, but could not sell to us under the old rate. The remoteness of the source of origin of the goods, the freight rates, the expense of purchasing, and the time consumed for delivery, constitute in themselves a rate which, to a certain extent, would protect Canada though there were no tariff against these goods at all. Add to the expense of overcoming the time and distance in the shipment of goods, sixty-six and two-thirds of the duty charged to other more contiguous countries, and we are certainly affording the Canadian manufacturer sufficient margin to prevent him being swamped by British shipments. The Laurier Government promised a reduction of tariff. It is giving the reduction in the manner above described, thus sentimentally showing a preference for Great Britain, and no doubt in fact giving her a considerable advantage, while still charging the shippers of the United States a tariff slightly less than was charged by the previous Government, yet sufficiently high to protect the Canadian manufacturer. Thus it must be seen by those who are fair-minded enough to accept the situation as it is, and not as it can be distorted into appearing: (1) The British manufacturer is given an advantage which will more than compensate for the loss of time and expense of freight on shipments to Canada. (2) The tariff is maintained as against the United States, which has little loss of time and excess of distance over which to pay freight. (3) Canada is given a considerably reduced tariff, and protected manufacturers are not able to charge excessive rates.

Thus in this combination are found a sentimental policy in favor of Great Britain, a practical retaliatory policy towards the United States and other nations which give us no favored terms; and thirdly, Canadian consumers are not made to pay excessive prices for goods in order to favor friends or retaliate upon rivals. The justice of the solution of the whole business should be obvious to us all, and the proposed placing by Great Britain of Canadian securities on the preferred list, from which securities must be selected by trustees acting for courts and as administrators, means a great triumph for Hon. Mr. Fielding. Of course, Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., tells us that he had this thing nearly through at one time. Unfortunately for Sir Charles, he had a great many things which hung fire for many years, and for which he would now claim credit, though the fulfilment of his dreams has been brought about by the Liberal Government. As a matter of fact, Great Britain is giving Canada, not by reason of bargain and sale, but from good will, advantages which we have long sought, and which mean to us, both in the friendship of the British people and in actual money, much more of a return for our preferential treatment than we could have got if the deal had been made on a thoroughly "sheeny" basis.

The proposition to bring the island of Trinidad into closer trade relations with Canada is an exceedingly good one, and may some day extend to other West India islands. The products of that island will not embarrass the Canadian producer or manufacturer, either with regard to quantity or price. Trinidad will find a market for what it cannot consume, and Canada will find an outlet for certain goods which have to be sold beyond our own confines.

To Providence, doubtless, we must ascribe much of the prosperity that we enjoy, but just now the people of this country are not haggling as to whether nature has been doing more than usual, or whether the people have been doing more than usual, or whether both have been working a little over-time with fortunate results. The good things that have come to us we are sincerely thankful for, and the Government has the good fortune to be in office when explanations are not being asked and the cries of the unfortunate are not being heard. This being the case, and as there is no kick, apparently, coming from any one excepting politicians who are out of a job, we may very well drop the subject, and the Opposition may very well do likewise.

## Social and Personal



HE HORSE SHOW is the anticipated social event of April. Every new interest is eagerly welcomed, and everyone is going to look their smartest this year. Easter finery will, owing to the lateness of the festival this year, still retain all their pristine freshness, but even so, something more pronounced and chic is "de rigueur" for the sporty society event which follows the religious festival. Some exquisite tailor-made gowns in the delicate pastel blues, greys and greens, with a delightful one in pale heliotrope, are being built for matinee wear at the Show by a King street house. For evening wear nothing is too gorgeous or original. The military will be much "en evidence," as part of the programme is provided by the city corps. I hear that Lord and Lady Minto have expressed much pleasure in accepting the invitation of the committee, and that a smart party from New York, another from Buffalo, not to mention the "always welcome" from Hamilton and London, will on each night do their share to give eclat to the event. Mr. George Hulm, that thorough sport and good horseman, has offered a prize for competition among the ladies. By the way, I saw that charming young lady from Beverley street driving four-in-hand one day last week, and was impressed by her skill and success.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Eaton gave a pretty dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Allworth last Friday night. The Misses Winnett gave a girls' luncheon in honor of their guest, Miss Gertrude Hanson, of Montreal, on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander entertained at dinner last night. Miss Maud Stevenson is visiting her sister, Mrs. McIntyre, in Huron street. Miss Violet Graham went to England last week.

At the annual meeting of the Home for Incurables, the following were made life members: Mrs. William Cook, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Gooch, Mrs. Lauder, Mrs. Little, Mrs.

Grant Macdonald, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mr. Wm. Cook, Mr. Alexander Manning; honorary members, Mrs. Susan M. Harrison, Mrs. John Morrow, Mrs. Angus Morrison, and Rev. Dr. H. M. Parsons.

An affair of interest to wheelwomen is the annual opening of the bicycles made by the Canada Cycle and Motor Co. to-day (Saturday) and Monday. The several showrooms will be pleasant places for ladies who wish to see the latest in wheels. Monday afternoon is especially for ladies. Beautiful decorations will enhance the charm of the occasion afforded by the collection of so many altogether lovely steel steeds. Music, too, by a fashionable orchestra, will add further to the enjoyment. The various places and other interesting particulars about this bicycle opening are announced in this week's advertisements.

Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert will settle next month at 150 Cooper street, Ottawa, a very pleasant and accessible part of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones left on Tuesday for Hot Springs, Arkansas, where they are registered at the Park Hotel. Hon. ex-Speaker, Mrs. and Miss Ballantyne are nounced in this week's advertisements.

Mr. William S. Gray and Mr. Godfrey S. G. Baldwin, of the Dominion Bank, are in Bermuda for their holidays.

Dr. Campbell Meyers and Miss Edith A. Burson, daughter of the late Rev. George Burson, were quietly married at Knox church, St. Catharines, last Saturday afternoon, Rev. John James, of Paris, officiating, assisted by the pastor of the church. Dr. and Mrs. Meyers are spending their honeymoon in the Eastern States.

The Hon. J. T. Garrow and Mrs. Garrow, Goderich, are at the Rossin. Mrs. Connee, Port Arthur; Mrs. Dickenson, Gliandior, and Mrs. Preston, Brantford, are at the Rossin with their husbands, the well-known members of the Ontario Legislature. Mr. Paul Weiderer, a prominent citizen of Detroit, is accompanying while in Toronto this week by his daughter, a beautiful type of the "American girl."

Mr. Winder Strathy returned this week from a round of visits to friends in England and Paris. Rev. Dean Rigby, of Trinity, will lecture next Thursday evening in St. Peter's schoolroom on Oliver Goldsmith. Miss Gertrude Law, of Detroit, is visiting friends in Markham street. Mr. and Mrs. George Stiff have arrived in town and are living at Mrs. Merrick's, 532 Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorset Birchall have settled in Montreal. Mr. Tom Tait was in Toronto over Sunday. Mr. Mark Hambourg was at the Arlington during his stay in Toronto this week. He left for Buffalo on Thursday morning. On Monday evening, after the concert, Mrs. G. Allen Case entertained Mr. Hambourg at supper. On Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp had the young artist to dinner and afterwards a few friends dropped in to spend an informal hour. Mrs. and Miss Hart, Miss Holmstead, Mr. Cartwright, Mrs. Denison, Miss Folger, and Mr. Hargratt.

Miss Katherine Shearar, whose clever paintings now adorn the walls of many a modish dame and smart bachelor, has gotten out two very clever Easter calendars, called Those Lenten Meditations, a series of perfectly charming and graceful girl figures, in black and white, whose hats and gowns are "le dernier cri" of fashion, and another Easter to New Year calendar called Those Evening Bells, a series of ballet girl studies dashingly sketched and prettily reproduced. These dainty little things give something quite new for Easter, and are to be had at Bain's, Yonge street. Both calendars start at Easter day, and run the last eight months of the century.

The engagement of Mr. Gordon Osler, son of Mr. E. B. Osler, of Craigleath, and Miss Maggie Ramsay, of Montreal, is announced. Miss Ramsay spent part of this winter in Toronto, and upon her first appearance at the first "Grenadiers" dance captivated the jeunesse dorée of the Queen City. Her own charm and her fiance's popularity make congratulations very hearty upon this engagement.

Miss Isabel Whitelaw, of Woodstock, has been this week the guest of Mrs. Wilkes, of 83 Wilcock street. Miss Mary Miles has been quite ill with the prevailing epidemic of cold. Mr. Alan Sullivan has returned to Rat Portage. He left for the North on Wednesday.

Miss Florence Blaikie is in Ottawa on a visit to relatives. Miss Gwen Cockburn-Clemow is welcomed home to the Capital after a long visit to Atherly. Miss Irene Somerville went down with her. By the way, I hear that Mr. Fred Somerville's example is to be soon followed by his next brother, and that the beauty of the little bride in Rosedale will be quite equalled by the choice of the next unmarried Mr. Somerville.

Miss Winnifred Macdonald has been visiting in Brantford. The Misses Norton-Taylor have gone to Chicago.

The celebrated pianist, Mr. Arthur Friedheim, was the guest of his friend, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, two days last week while in the city.

The ladies in charge of the Red Cross Fund announce that the Canadian soldiers in the field are sorely in need of clothes. A letter from Dr. Ryerson was received last Tuesday, in which it is stated that Canadians are coming into the hospital in rags. Donations of Selby union flannels, knitted cholera bands, socks, sweaters, and knitted caps, are earnestly asked for. The season for cool weather in South Africa is approaching. One hundred dozen sweaters have already been shipped, but there are three thousand men to be supplied. The above articles are intended for the men in the field. For those in the hospital, flannelet and pillows are needed. A special bale is being prepared for "C" Company. Those whose contributions are intended for the Toronto boys must mark them "C" Co. All checks must be marked "Ladies' Branch."

Miss Bauld, Avenue road, is visiting friends in Westmount, Montreal.

### The Queen's Message.

Touched by the tender hand that rules in love, The strings of Erin's harp vibrate and thrill, The chord responsive sweeping soft above Orchestral harmony, to linger still.

For every heart that owns that gentle sway, Through all the breadth of empire, beats in pride Beneath the green—the homage Britons pay To Erin's sons who bravely fought and died.

And though the shamrock glistens with the tear That Erin sheds for those who nobly fell, She wears the jewel'd emblem, doubly dear, In eloquence no speech nor words may tell. MARGARET G. YARKER.

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Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

### MILLINERY

Paris, London and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets

We are showing our first importation of High-class DRESS FABRIC—Consisting in part of Crepe Laine, Crepe de Chine, Crepe Ondule, Nuns' Veilings, Satin Striped Crepes and Poplinettes, Embroidered Voile, Mistral Etaurie.

CLOTH DEPT.—Broadcloths, Venetians and Satin Cloths in the most desirable Street and Pastel Shades. Scotch and English Homespuns and Cheviots for Tailor-made Gowns and Sporting Costumes.

### PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Tel. 888 II & 13 King Street East, Toronto

## GOWANS KENT & CO

# White China

FOR DECORATING

We carry the largest line in America.

New lines still arriving, including large footed jardinières and assorted trays.

## 14-16 FRONT ST. E.

### "Plashwater"

The ancient writing paper of the Greeks is now one of the favorite notepapers for

### Lenten Correspondence

It is hard and smooth, like parchment.

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The BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited

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## RELIEF MATERIALS

IN these lines, including Japanese leathers, anaglypta pressed papers, staff and composition ornament, we stand alone in Canada. Nowhere else can you find a selection approaching ours in completeness.

### The Elliott & Son Co.

LIMITED

79 King Street West

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### Flowers for Easter Gifts

Should be ordered now to ensure seasonable attention.

We have all seasonable varieties at ...

Dumlopy  
Roses  
Mignonette  
Easter Lilies  
Lily-of-the-Valley  
and many other varieties.

Price list on application

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**SUITINGS and  
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PATTERNS POST FREE

Spring Suitings and Dress Fabrics are represented in such lavish profusion that no taste has been overlooked, and no price need be overtaxed to supply fashionable needs, while there are some lines of such special price interest that every faculty may be thoroughly satisfied.

One line of all-wool Homespun is shown in twenty shades, 54 inches wide, 90c.

One line of new shade Tweeds shown in ten tones, \$1.00.

One line of Gray Suitings in six degrees, 58 inches, \$1.30.

The new weaves in colored Dress Fabrics shown in Khaki, Stone, Slate and Blue-Gray, Heliotrope, Two-tone, Drab, Fawn, Biscuit, Rock, Moss and Serpent Green, Tabac, Mulberry, Gauché.

In Black Suitings Fabrics a distinct novelty is our exclusive dual-fabric suit designed for Extra with stripes or plaid effect for skirt, while material for coat is of plain surface.

There are many novelties shown in Grays and Black and White Mixtures.

**JOHN CATTO & SON**

King Street—opposite the Post Office.

**Jockey Club Cocktail**

 Whiskies, Ports, Claret  
• and Burgundies

**GEO. W. COOLEY**  
567 Yonge Street

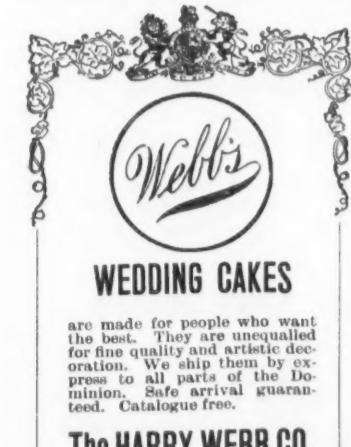
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Fine Stationery  
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STATIONERY DEPARTMENT  
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**The HARRY WEBB CO.**  
Limited  
TORONTO

**Notes From the Capital.**

ADY MINTO and Mrs. Lawrence Drummond have been during the last ten days in New York and Washington, where the smooth, well-kept sunny streets, with their flower-laden corners, are a delight to the eye after the slush and mud and general Lenten dullness which abound in the Canadian Capital during the first few weeks of spring. With Easter, joy and gladness and decent thoroughfares are expected to return, but in the meantime it is not perfection here. Short skirts and rubber boots are the most serviceable costumes, and the rest of women kind grow envious of those other women who, like Lady Minto, can consult their own wish in the matter and fly off to southern climes. In New York Lady Minto and Mrs. Drummond attended the patriotic concert in aid of the American hospital ship "Maine," fitted out by American ladies for use during the present war. Lady Colebrooke returned to New York with them, and is again the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Whitney until early in April, when she sails for England. Mr. Arthur Guise, Comptroller of the Vice-Regal household, was the gentleman in attendance. In Washington they were the guests of Sir Julian Pauncefote at the British Embassy. On Thursday the party returned to Ottawa.

Miss Muriel Dobell is another representative of Canada enjoying the bright side of life at Washington. Miss Dobell left Ottawa the beginning of last week with her brother, Mr. Alfred Dobell, who has been in poor health lately, and after a short visit to friends in Philadelphia, they proceeded to Washington, arriving there just in time for a ball at the German Embassy, for which they had already received cards. Mrs. Walter Barwick, a charming visitor from Toronto, who was Mrs. Dobell's guest, was unfortunately obliged to return home last week.

Miss Thorburn, another visitor from Toronto, who was popular here while the guest of Sir Sandford Fleming, and Mrs. Critchley, left for Toronto on Monday or Tuesday. Among the ladies at the Russell there has been a perceptible falling off of late owing to the dearth of gaiety. It costs something to stay at the Russell, and these ladies wisely decided they might as well, and more cheaply, spend Lent at home. But they have all promised to come back after Easter, when, as usual, much social activity is looked for.

Among the visitors still in town are Miss Rose Patteson, of Toronto, who is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. Z. Palmer; the Misses McLimont, of Quebec, are the guests of Mrs. John Gilmour, and the other, Miss Celia McLimont, is stopping with Lady Cartwright. Miss Davy, of Chicago, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert Cartwright, who has returned to the rest of her grass-widowhood at her home in Ottawa, which is considerably brightened by the interesting budgets that come to her so frequently from the gallant Major in South Africa. This week brought many letters to homes which have sent heroes to serve the Empire. Letters telling of a terrible march through the blazing heat and sand of an African day, and the chilling damp of an African night, then a battle in which, as one of the Ottawa boys who was killed, said, just before he fell, they were "Up against the real thing." Major Rogers, or as he is in the Ottawa company, Captain Rogers, showed much kind thoughtfulness in sending by this mail letters to the parents of the lads who had fallen, telling all he knew of what had happened, and offering sincere condolence. Each family has certainly the consolation of knowing that their dear ones were brave to the very last.

Miss Sparks, who was engaged to Major Arnold, who died of his wounds, was so much upset when the news of his death came that she was obliged to leave Ottawa. She and her sister, Miss S. Sparks, are now at Atlantic City, where later they will be joined by their young half-sister, Miss Florence Sweetland. Miss Sparks is one of the nicest girls in Ottawa, and everybody sympathizes greatly with her in this sorrow.

Mrs. Robert Gill and Miss Thistle left on Tuesday for Lakewood and Atlantic City, where they will remain until the streets of Ottawa have reached a condition less productive of grippe, which, by the way, is raging here at present. It seems to be of a more contagious kind than the other samples we have had of it. To attack one member of a family means a straight run through the entire family. The microbe spares no one, not even the baby.

The real musical is a rare form of entertainment in Ottawa. Occasionally hostesses give what they call musicals and what their friends profanely term cake-walks, where there is a large room in which some people play the piano and sing songs, and from which the guests wander as far as possible, seeking comfortable corners where the music will not disturb, but considerably "fill up the pauses." Not of this class were Mrs. Borden's "musicals" on Wednesday and Friday evenings of last week, when the drawing-room of Stadcona Hall was transformed into a charming theater, half stage and the other half filled with rows of chairs, where ladies and gentlemen sat with dainty little green and white programmes and listened to a really good amateur concert. Owing to the two evenings, the drawing-room, which, like all the rooms in Stadcona Hall, is very large, was not crowded. With

one or two exceptions the artists were the same on both evenings. Among the artists were Mr. Collins Grounds and Dr. Gibson, pianists; they played on different evenings. Mrs. Flint, wife of the member for Yarmouth, sang. She has a fine mezzo-soprano. Mrs. Charles Saunders, a very musical little lady, sang a couple of dainty songs alone, and two duets with her husband, who won favor with the public during his tour with Mr. Watkin Mills. Mr. Jack Clarke, the possessor of a sweet tenor, sang twice. Miss Clayton and Mrs. D. C. Scott were the violinists, and, like the pianists, played on different evenings. Miss Gertrude Davies and Miss Bowles were the elocutionists. Although one or two encores were accepted, it was not a long programme. Supper came afterwards at little tables in the drawing-room, the hall and a couple of other rooms. The Minister of Militia was there to assist his handsome wife, who looked particularly well on Friday evening in a black satin gown, almost severe in its simplicity, with no ornament but a pink rose fastened in the front of the corsage. Two other charming assistants—the Minister is generally spoken of as charming—were the Misses Fielding, who dispensed programmes and acted the part of lady ushers very prettily. They have been Mrs. Borden's guests for some weeks. Miss Florence Fielding is still at Stadcona Hall, but Miss Fielding left on Monday for Halifax, returning to Ottawa in a couple of weeks with Mrs. Fielding.

A musical evening was given by Lady Laurier on Thursday night—her usual At Home night—of last week, when her guests were astonished and delighted by the wonderful piano playing of a little girl of ten, Berthe Roy, whose only instructor so far is her father, the organist of St. Roche's, Quebec. The child is a musical genius. She played Bach and Chopin, Beethoven and Brahms from memory, and she interpreted these great masters most satisfactorily. She transposes music, improvises—in short, does anything and everything possible on the piano. She came here under the chaperonage of Madame Jules Tessier, wife of the Speaker of the Legislature, Quebec, a charming lady, who is anxious for the child to get to Paris, where she can receive instruction in keeping with her wonderful talents. It is surely a chance for a patriotic millionaire. AMARYLLIS.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

**Social and Personal.**

Mrs. W. Carleill-Hall will not receive during the first three weeks in April, and will thereafter be At Home to her friends on the third and fourth Mondays of each month, in her new home, at 94 Maitland street.

S. T. Church's new patriotic song, Jack Canuck, with the embodiment of the sturdy characteristics of its title in words and music, has evidently caught the popular fancy, for the first edition was exhausted within three weeks, and a second edition has just been issued by the publishers, Whaley, Royce & Co. The song is dedicated to the 11th Toronto company of the Boys' Brigade, and is being sung at patriotic concerts throughout Canada.

Rev. G. F. Davidson, of Trinity College, had a very delightful tea in his rooms after the lecture on St. Patrick's day. The decorations were very choice and suitable for the occasion, shamrocks predominating. The tea-table was very attractive in green and white, the centerpiece being an Irish harp in similes. There was a very smart company, among whom were Mrs. Percival, Mrs. E. Du Vernet, Mrs. Mathews, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Awtrey, the Misses Featherstonhaugh, Ackers, Awtrey, Rev. J. Warren, Professors White and Simpson, and Messrs. Du Vernet, Mathews, Spencer, Wright, Johnston, Mockridge.

An event of interest in Montreal and

**Perfect  
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have not yet been made, but the celebrated "Patek Philippe" watches—for which we have the sole Canadian agency—are nearer perfection than any other.

The Observatory certificate with each movement shows its wonderful performance under the various tests—heat, cold, and position.

This, and our broadest guarantee that it will satisfy the most exacting, assures the buyer a timepiece that is really marvelous.

**Ryrie Bros.**

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TORONTO

Toronto circles has just been announced. Early next month Mr. Frank Wilmington Thompson is to be married to Miss Mabel Summerhayes. Mr. Thompson is the only son of the late Samuel Thompson. Miss Summerhayes is the eldest daughter of Mr. W. F. Summerhayes, of Toronto, formerly of Wimbledon, England, and is widely known as a very skillful lawn tennis player.

Miss Leila McDonell returned recently from a charming visit of several weeks to Ottawa, where she received a great deal of attention. One of the Ottawa beauties, Miss Muriel Church, paid a brief visit to Miss Mary Elwood of St. George street, this week, en route from Guelph to her home at the capital. A little luncheon, a little dinner, and a box party at the Grand were brightened by her charming presence on Monday.

The German Frauenverein, in aid of the Lutheran church funds, held an afternoon reunion at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Wagner in Gerrard street on Thursday. Coffee was served in German fashion in the dining-room and a number of young ladies waited on the guests very attentively.

**Tyrrell's Society Blue Book**

Wm. Tyrrell & Co., booksellers, King street west, announce publication by themselves of Tyrrell's Toronto Society Blue Book for 1900. The edition will be the handsomest of its character ever published. In addition to a complete list of fashionable folks of Toronto, it will contain the membership lists of all prominent clubs, ladies' maidens names, receiving days and many interesting personal items regarding people of prominence. The Blue Book will be very carefully compiled, and ready for delivery next June. It is published at this season so a complete list of summer residences can be included. Subscription price, \$2.

**A WEDDING  
INVITATION**

Mr. & Mrs. Charles Goodhue  
request the pleasure of your company  
at the marriage of their daughter

Annie May

Mr. Graham Alex. Broome,  
at the Church of the Rockies  
on Monday morning, June the third,  
at eleven hundred and ninety-eight  
at eleven o'clock.

Kind regards  
E. W. Grove

to be perfectly "correct" should be worded something like the above, and engraved or printed on a special wedding sheet of notepaper, with inside and outside envelopes to match. For prices and samples of

**Announcements  
Cake Boxes  
and Cards, etc.**

Write to us. We give careful attention to out-of-town orders.

**BAIN BOOK & STATIONERY CO.**  
ENGRAVERS AND FINE PRINTERS  
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**Hooper's for  
Tooth Brushes**

is a household saying in Toronto.

We have just received a supply of Maw's English Brushes, specially made for us in London, including "Dr. Elliott's" and the Hygienic with perforated backs, which we sell at 25c each, although they are better value than those usually sold at 35c or 40c.

**SHAPES—Flat, Concave or Convex**
**BRISTLES—Bleached, Unbleached, Hard, Medium or Soft**

Any brush bearing our name if found defective will be cheerfully exchanged for a new one.

**The HOOPER CO.**

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CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

Only Address—43 &amp; 45 King St. West

**Each  
Section**

of this popular corset is so formed as to maintain the natural lines of the body and readily conform to the figure of the wearer. It is stayed with stripes of highly-tempered...

**SPRING RIBBON STEEL**

guaranteed not to corrode, and metal-tipped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric made. Made in Dove, White, Gold and Black. Sold in all the stores.

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The CROMPTON CORSET CO., Limited

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**Convalescents' Food!**
**Matzol or Kefir Kumyss**

Is the only real Kefir made in Canada, and the only Kumyss which contains no yeast whatever. Valuable for invalids as a diet in all wasting diseases. It is peptonized and predigested and ready for instant assimilation. Ask your physician about it. Booklet free.

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Manufacturing Chemist

151, 153, 155 Sherbourne St. — TORONTO

you want the Purest and Strongest Chocolate or Cocoa you should ask for

**Fry's**

It is the cheapest to buy, because it is concentrated and therefore goes farthest.

It is the most delicate in flavor, because it is pure and you have no adulterating substance to spoil the flavor.

Ask your Grocer for FRY'S.

**Important to Lady Riders...**

The Massey-Harris is the one wheel above all others, possessing features peculiarly adapted to Lady riders.

**SKIRT "GUARD"**

The specially constructed skirt-guard protects 90 per cent. of the top half of the rear wheel from possible contact with the dress. This ensures cleanly and comfortable riding.

**FREEDOM IN MOUNTING**

Another valuable point is the shape of the forward frame. It gives greater freedom in mounting and dismounting than any other Lady's wheel. Inspection proves it. You are always welcome to the

**MASSEY-HARRIS**

Showrooms, cor. of Yonge St. and Adelaide East

Guaranteed in material and construction by the Canada Cycle & Motor Co. Limited.

**A MARVEL OF BEAUTY**

The most desirable for style.  
The only Glove that makes the hand look neat.

**FOWNES' CELEBRATED  
HIGH CLASS  
KID GLOVES**

All fashionable people demand them.  
Reliable dealers throughout Canada sell them.  
Ask for them and don't take any other.

**THE NEW MARVEL BANG**

EST. 1868 TEL. 1551

**BEAUTIFUL  
Hair Goods**

AT

**Dorenwend's**

See our grand stock of

 Ladies and Gent. Wigs,  
Toupees, Bangs, Wavy  
Fronts, Switches, of all  
long hair, straight and  
wavy, etc., etc., finest  
manufactured.

If you wish your hair&lt;br

## AN OLD FLAME.

## QUEER STORY.

From London Truth.

ALL of us, I imagine—saying only that microscopic minnows who may marry their first love: a narrow and phlegmatic lot—find it our fate, later on in life, to meet one or more of our old flames. Indeed, it is a natural and commendable trait in every young fellow of spirit that he should fall madly in love a round dozen or so of times. And women like a man all the better for it, even she upon whom his choice finally falls, and to whom, in offering hand and heart, he vows (but, you bet, he doesn't deceive the darling) that he never knew what love was until he met her.

I told the time-honored story to my wife, when I proposed. At the time she affected to believe me. But she has since confessed to having been perfectly aware that she was my fourteenth ardent flame; and to having been predisposed in my favor on that account. For she thought nothing of a lover whose previous affairs did not run into double figures.

Ah, those old flames! How romantic were our youthful meetings with them! How very—very prosaic are our meetings with them in after life! Yes; here is Ethel, or Polly, or Kitty, or whatever her name is, whom we last saw a sweet, sylph-like girl, and now, blest if she hasn't become an adipose mother of six and started three chins! You are glad to see her again, of course. But as for the old tenderness, you have no disposition to revive that. Nor, I'll wager my boots, has she. The man she adored went in at the waist, not out. He was pale and poetical, not plethoric and prosy. Perchance you both feel you have had a lucky escape. And you are a bit sorry for your husband, poor devil! and she commiserates your wife, poor dear! And you both plausibly recognize in the enforced severance, which then you cursed and deplored, the guiding hand of a benevolent Providence.

Such, I say, is the usual character of a meeting in after life between old flames. Not always, however, as the following story will witness.

The old flames to whom I refer were Charles Tregennan and Mabel Marsden. They had been boy and girl together, and a tenderness had existed between them from very early days. When they grew up, it seemed to have ripened into a genuine love affair. Indeed, their friends were daily expecting to hear the announcement of their betrothal. But the years went on. Nothing of the sort occurred, and people wondered why on earth Charles was hanging back.

The truth was that, though Charles was really smitten with Mabel, as Mabel was undoubtedly smitten with Charles, the young man was by nature a shilly-shallyer, and possessed the unfortunate characteristic of never being able to make up his mind. It was so with him in small as well as in great things. Whether it was so trivial a matter as the selection of an article in a shop, or so important a one as the formation of his religious opinions, he was always uncertain and vacillating. To-day he was High Church, to-morrow Broad Church, the day after that Low Church, and the next day, perhaps, no Church. I think it arose from his natural propensity to see too much of both sides of a question at once; for he detected enough good and bad in either to attract him to, and repel him from, both in equal degrees.

It was in this spirit that he considered the question of committing himself definitely with Mabel. She was an awfully nice girl, and he was awfully sweet on her, and all that; but marriage—well, marriage was a serious thing. Was it good enough? Many points had to be considered, many pros and cons to be weighed. He weighed them. One day matrimony and Mabel inclined the scale; the next, bachelorhood and no Mabel were preponderant. Many and many a time (to vary the metaphor) was he within an inch of taking the dive; but each time he just checked himself on the extremity of the spring-board. Now this sort of thing could not go on forever. The most amiable, patient, and loving of girls is warranted to tire of it at last. Mabel Marsden tired of it at last. She accepted another admirer, Thomas Higson. She married him, and went to live in another part of England. Charles did not see her again for fifteen years.

At first, our vacillating young friend was very decidedly cut up. Now that Mabel had finally given herself to another, he began to realize that life without her was well-nigh unsupported. He even felt that he had been rather cruelly treated, which was unreasonable and absurd, since he simply had himself to blame for throwing away his own chances. For six months, he moaned and moped, and mandered into abject verses—a nuisance to himself and his friends. Then Time, the all-healing, began to tinker up his cracked, but far from broken heart. By the end of the year Charles was himself again. By the end of fifteen years, he was much more than himself. For, in that time, his vacillating dalliance with his pro tem. flame had developed from a propensity into a settled habit. After saying this, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that he was still a bachelor.

His flame, in that fifteenth year, was Beatrice Everscreach. She was a

liberty."

"My husband? Oh, Charles, dear Charles—"

They were interrupted at that instant by the approach of their hostess with a gentleman, whom she introduced to Mabel Higson. Charles took the opportunity to slip away, and right thankful he was to do so. The lady's manner, even more than her words, had put him about terribly. She had looked almost like throwing herself into his arms. Come what might, he must evade the risk of being compromised against his will by that silly, sentimental creature. For the present, therefore, he would avoid going to any houses where there was the chance of meeting her.

He prudently acted on this resolve, thinking thereby to escape Mabel's unseemly persecution. But he had yet to learn that a woman, when she has once abandoned herself to, an unhappy infatuation, will stick at no restraint of propriety—will utterly disregard the strongest hint that her pursuit is unwelcome, but, persistent as a stoat in hunting down its quarry, will find a way to come at the object of her misplaced passion. It was a nineteenth-century version of the Hippolytus, and unhappy Charles was cast to play the title-role.

One evening, on returning to his rooms, he was startled and dismayed to find Mabel Higson awaiting him. "Pon my life—good gracious, Mrs. Higson," he exclaimed, in great perturbation, "I—I did not expect to—find you here."

She had risen from her chair at his entrance, and stood confronting him. Charles was appalled by the passionate abandonment of her look and manner.

"Charles," she cried, holding out both her hands towards him. "My Charles!"

"Oh, I say! Really this won't do, you know," stammered Tregennan, in hurried confusion. "I'm—I'm not yours, Mrs. Higson. I—I—"

"Yes, you are mine. Mine for ever. My very own," she interrupted, with an utter unreserve of ardent passion. "Nothing can keep me from you any longer. Ah! don't be so cold, so cruel, dearest. I have come to tell you—"

"No! No! I can't listen to any more of this. Really, it is—is—most unseemly, most improper. If you have no regard for your own good name, think of your husband—your children—"

"Ah," she cried, wildly, "I have thought of them, my Charles. Do not suppose I am taking this step without having counted the cost. But they are nothing—less than nothing to me—in comparison of my love for you."

"I tell you I can't listen to any more," said Tregennan, in the greatest dismay and embarrassment. "I—I—good heavens, woman! Have you taken leave of your senses?"

It certainly did look like it. For Mabel Higson, the wife of fifteen years, the mother of five, had flung herself into Charles Tregennan's arms, clasping him tightly round the neck and resting her ample head upon his shoulder.

"Good God!" cried the terrified Charles, struggling in vain to disengage himself. "Let me go, woman! What if—if any one were to come in and see us!"

"I don't care," was her passionate response. "Let the world scowl me, if it will. So long as I have you, that is all I want. We will fly together. Yes; take me, my Charles, to Africa, Australia, India, wherever you will—and we will be all in all to each other for the rest of our lives."

"Are you mad?" demanded Charles, desperately, still struggling in vain to release himself from her fat arms. "But even if you can bring yourself to neglect your obligations in so—so—abandoned a manner, I can not. Don't you know that I am—am—practically engaged to be married to—"

She started from him as if he had stabbed her. Her whole manner was suddenly changed. Rage and furious jealousy blazed in her wild eyes.

"Not to—that Everscreach creature!" she hissed. "You are silent! It is so, then? But I will baulk you—I will frustrate you, perfidious monster. She shall hear that from me that will spoke your wheel effectively. Yes, you shall never marry Beatrice Everscreach—never!"

And with that she flung herself out of Charles' presence, darting at him a truly ominous look.

When she was gone, he wiped away the cold sweat that had gathered thick on his forehead.

"Good God!" he said to himself. "I—I could never have believed she was such an—an—abandoned wench! I—I—can't stand another interview of that kind. It was awful—appalling. I—I—wonder what she will do to stop my marrying Bee. She shall not stop me—she shall not, I say!" cried Charles, working himself up into a state of desperate resolve. "I will go to Bee this very evening. I will tell her all. And then she will know what value to attach to any of that wicked woman's falsehoods."

He acted on his resolve while it was hot. He went to Bee. He told her everything. Of course, she was intensely pained and shocked to hear of Mabel Higson's immodest and iniquitous behavior. But those feelings were soon lost in the joy occasioned by Charles' declaration. And it was arranged that they should be married in three months.

They were married. While they were still on their honeymoon, Charles received the following letter:

"Dear Charles—You will remember how, in old days, you tortured me for years with the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. I was determined you should not adopt the same cruel, cautious policy towards the very nice girl who is now your wife. With

Tom's full knowledge and consent, I adopted a certain line of action which should force your hand. I am now congratulating myself on its success. Yours sincerely, Mabel Higson."

Charles was fairly astounded when he read that letter. Then a momentary terrible suspicion darted into his mind. He handed his wife Mabel's epistle. He watched her closely while she read it.

"Beatrice," he said, "you know nothing of this?"

Bee came round to where he sat, placed her arms about his neck from the back, and kissed the top of his head.

"Oh, you dear old goose! How could you imagine anything so preposterous?"

You will note that she did not categorically deny the imputation.

## The Free Consumption Sanatorium.

The Ladies' Committee of the Sanatorium have collected over \$200 towards the furnishing of the building, and beg to thank the subscribers; also for the articles offered by friends of the institution. There is a terrible need for such an isolated hospital. In many crowded parts of the city, poor consumptives are living amidst healthy adults and children, in many cases thoughtlessly and without knowledge helping to spread a disease which, if taken in its early stage is known to yield to pure air, nutritious food, and proper treatment. The Ladies' Committee would earnestly ask for the kind co-operation of the citizens in helping to found this most deserving project. The following donations of furniture have been received:

Mrs. Alcorn—Sideboard, two bureaus, mangle, invalid chair, table linen, double cooker.

Mrs. Awty—Granite dishes, pans, saucepans, teapot strainer, baking-board and pin.

Mrs. W. Baldwin—Bedstead.

Mrs. Brereton—Large kettle, pillow cases.

Mrs. Brown—Wash-stand, towels.

Mrs. Davidson—Bath.

Mrs. L. Gordon—Cups and saucers, curtains.

Miss Macdonell—Table, chair, tray cloths, rugs, pictures.

Mrs. Meredith—Bedstead.

Mrs. Playter—Cheese dish.

Mrs. Prettie—Dinner set, sheets.

Mrs. Taylor—Table.

Miss Windeat—Saucepans, baking-pans, towels, hot water bottles.

Following are the articles most needed: Chairs, lounges, cushions, rugs, oil cloth, matting, bedroom china, looking glasses, dining table, kitchen tables, store cupboard, hall table with back, towel horses, brown paper water pails, kitchen cloths, flat-irons, wash-board, hand-bells, dusters, towels, light curtains, stores of all kinds, glass tumblers, dishes, cutlery. Intending contributors should address Mrs. Forsyth Grant, convener; Miss M. Macdonell, 419 Dundas street; or Lt.-Col. Mason, treasurer.

## Food Rules Complexion.

## Medicines of No Avail When Improper Food Persisted In.

A young lady whose first name is Blossom, and who was for many years misnamed, but is now properly named, tells some interesting facts about her efforts to clear up her complexion, which, in spite of all sorts of medicines and washes, face bleaches, etc., etc., were ineffective, because the root of the difficulty was not removed.

Her own story is interesting. "From childhood up, I, with my sisters and brothers, have been allowed the use of both tea and coffee. After I became a young lady of course it was no more than human that I should wish for a beautiful complexion like several of my companions, but which I did not have. Many different courses were taken to accomplish my end, such as applying face bleach, taking bottles and bottles of cleansing medicines, etc., all to no purpose.

"My older sister had learned before me that coffee was the root of the difficulty, and urged me to begin taking hot water. I tried it, but could find little satisfaction in so weak and unpalatable a beverage. While visiting a friend one day, I accepted a cup of coffee (as I supposed), when I noticed that this particular coffee had a hundred per cent. better taste than the coffee we had been in the habit of using. Upon inquiring for the receipt of this very pleasing beverage, I learned that I had partaken of the noted Postum Cereal Food Coffee.

"I had struck the goal at last. This was the morning beverage that I wanted, and this, it turned out, was the secret of the beautiful complexion of my friend. Of course we immediately commenced using it in our home, and I want to say that to-day not a more healthy, robust family is to be found in the United States, and the fact is attributable to our abandonment of coffee and the use of Postum Cereal Food Coffee." We do not feel disposed to publish the full name of Miss Blossom, but the name can be given to those interested, by letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich. The young lady lives in Traverse City, Mich.

It may be of interest to know that many of the young ladies' seminaries throughout the country have discontinued the use of coffee and are using Postum Food Coffee. A letter from Rev. Alex. Burr, Secretary of the Seattle, Wash., Young Ladies' Seminary, recites: "We are using Postum Cereal Food Coffee on the table, greatly to the satisfaction of the faculty and a large number of boarding students."

—Special and exclusive goods in carpets.

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## Nature's Remedy for Constipation Hunyadi János

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.  
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## St. Vitus Cured.

## The Story of a Bright Young Girl's Recovery.

She Was First Attacked With La Grippe, the After Effects Resulting in St. Vitus Dance—Friends Despaired of Her Recovery.

From The Acadian, Wolfville, N.S.

The mails from Wolfville to Gasperille are carried every day by an official who is noted for his willingness to accommodate and the punctuality with which he discharges his duties. His name is Mr. Merriner Cleveland and his home is in Gasperille, where he resides with his wife and granddaughter, Miss Lizzie May Cleveland, a bright girl of fifteen years. A few months ago the health of their granddaughter was a source of very great anxiety to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and the neighbors who learned of the physical condition of the little girl gravely shook their heads and said to themselves that the fears of the fond grandparents were by no means groundless. When the news reached the ears of an Acadian man, a short time ago, that the health of Miss Cleveland had been restored, he hastened to interview Mr. Cleveland as to the facts of the case. When he explained his errand, both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland appeared only too eager to give him the information sought, and it is in accordance with their wishes that we give to the public the facts of this remarkable cure. Early in December, 1898, Miss Cleveland was taken ill with a severe attack of la grippe, and fears of her recovery were entertained. Careful nursing, however, brought her through this malady, but it left her system in a complete run-down condition. This showed itself principally in a weakness of the nerves. In January symptoms of St. Vitus'舞 began to show themselves. At first these were not very prominent, but it was not long before she was rendered altogether helpless by this terrible malady. In a short time she lost all control over the movements of her hands and feet. For weeks she had to be carried from room to room and was unable to feed herself. Her grandparents naturally became very much alarmed, and having tried other remedies without effect, determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Developments showed that their confidence was not misplaced. When three boxes had been used the condition of the patient had improved considerably. Then Mr. Cleveland bought six boxes more and continued their use as before. The sufferer rapidly began to recover. When she had consumed the fifth box Mrs. Cleveland reduced the dose to one pill a day and by the time the sixth box was gone a complete cure was effected. Miss Cleveland is now as vigorous and healthy as could be desired. Her grandparents are persuaded that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are alone responsible for her cure and are devoutly thankful for the results which, under Providence, they have produced.

Sold by all dealers or sent post-paid at 50c, a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by adding the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

## The Curse of Glencoe.

Apropos of some recent paragraphs in Modern Society about Glencoe, it is not a little singular to recall how the "Curse of Glencoe" was fulfilled in the case of the chief instigators and perpetrators of the hideous massacres of 1692. King William III., who signed the decree for the extirpation of "that sect of thieves," died childless, as everyone knows; and the name and family of Campbell of Glenlyon, commander of the murderer

ous band, became utterly extinct soon after his own death. An even more remarkable fact is the extraordinary fatality that has attended the descendants of the first Earl of Stair, who was chiefly responsible for the deed of blood. No less than six out of seven successive Earls of Stair died without issue, and on the death of the seventh, in 1840, the descendants of the "Glencoe" Earl were entirely extinguished, and an heir had to be sought from the posterity of his younger brother, from whom the present respected holder of the title is sprung. On the other hand, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, like the Mackenzies of Seaforth, the Macdonells of Glengarry, and many other dispossessed chieftains, still live and flourish. The present Chief of Glencoe, though living far from his ancestral glen, is said and believed by the people to appear spectrally from time to time in or about the old home of his fathers; and from this they argue that he will one day return and take possession of his own. Prost om!

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Late Correspondent of the London Daily Mail.

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form an important part. We give all  
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## How They Won the Victoria Cross.

THE war is not six months old, yet already the records gladden with the stories of individual bravery that add lustre and glory to British arms. It is certain that the end of the campaign will give us a plentiful crop of V.C.'s. The Victoria Cross, most coveted of all military trophies, because so rarely bestowed, is common alike to officers and men. Rank holds no place in the reasons which dictate its bestowal. It is the one decoration created by the Queen, and bestowed by her own hand. It is common to master and man alike. And it has more than once happened that the haughty major-general, glittering with decorations, has stood side by side with the humble private in the ranks to receive this distinction at the hands of the gentle woman whom both delight to serve.

The disastrous Boer war of 1881 gave nearly twenty new wearers of the Victoria Cross. Does any one in these days recall the names of James Murray and Patrick John Danaher, of the Connaught Rangers? Yet in all the annals of war there is no finer instance of self-forgetting sacrifice than that afforded by these two young Irishmen. It was on the morning of January 16, 1881, just after a skirmish with the Boers, that they saw Byrne and Davis, two men of the Scots Fusilier Guards, lying wounded on the plain. Murray and Danaher were wounded, but rode to the rescue. Murray's horse was shot under him, and then he struggled on foot to the side of the wounded men. Yet even as he raised Byrne in his arms he was shot through the body, and finding that all was lost, ordered Danaher to look to himself. Murray, Byrne and Davis were captured by the Boers. The men whom Murray and Danaher had tried to save died, but Murray, long a prisoner in the hands of the Boers, lived to join the regiment, and with Danaher receive the reward for his bravery.

Does Lance-Corporal Farmer, keeping time-books among the factory chimneys in busy, smoky Bradford, recall the day at Majuba Hill when, at the finish of the slaughter, he alone remained by the side of the wounded, in spite of the bullets that were raining down upon him? Twice he raised a white handkerchief to show that he was connected with the Red Cross, and twice the hand that waved the flag was shot through and the linen fluttered to the ground. Happily the captain in command of the Boer force realized the situation and ordered his men to cease firing, and Farmer's life was spared. He suffered the loss of his left arm, but got the Victoria Cross in exchange.

Major A. R. Hill, of the 58th Regiment, now going through his second experience of war in the Transvaal, was, through no fault of his own, one of the survivors of Laing's Nek. The major, at that time a mere second lieutenant, saw Captain Osmond, a brother officer, lying wounded and exposed to the fire of the enemy. Out into the open, with the Boer guns trained upon him, ran Hill, until he reached the side of his comrade. He had gone but six yards with his burden, when another bullet struck the wounded man, and he died in his arms. Major Hill remembered that he had seen two privates lying near the captain; and laying the dead man on the ground, he went back a second and a third time, brought the two men to shelter, and escaped without a scratch. It is scarcely necessary to add that the major received his V.C. on his return to his home. The people of the little town in which he was born carried him on their shoulders.

It was for a similar act of noble abnegation of self that Sir George Stewart White, who was beleaguered at Ladysmith, received his cross in the Zulu war, after the disastrous battle of Isandulwa; when the 24th Regiment, caught in an ambuscade, was cut to pieces, and only he and two others escaped.

The late Earl of Cardigan, leading the immortal charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and stopping amid the storm of lead to pick up a wounded comrade, affords one of the brightest pictures in the annals of the army.

## The Science of Mischief-Making.

MISCHIEF-makers may be divided into two classes, the deliberate, or scientific mischief-maker, and the spontaneous, or thoughtless one. It is with the former class that we propose to deal. Scientific mischief-making requires three factors. (1) The mischief-maker proper. (2) The medium. (3) The credulous public. The mischief-maker, in order to be successful in his (or her) vocation, must always have the fear of the law before his eyes, and, on this account, great care should be taken that in the scandal to be propagated there exists some truth. The merest trifles will suffice; in fact, the less the better. But there must be an atom of truth to fall back upon when the necessity arises of having to deny the accusation of spreading a false report. This tiny atom of truth should be cleverly spread out, and kneaded up with the story to be circulated, much in the same manner as gold plate, or rolled gold is manufactured, an infinitesimal quantity of pure gold being rolled up with and spread over a large amount of some baser metal. The story thus properly prepared is then handed over to a carefully selected medium, usually one of those sweet old ladies who "never breathe a word to anyone, my dear,"

but with whom it is a constitutional impossibility to keep anything, in the shape of news, to themselves. The medium, having heard the story, locks it up in her gentle bosom until it commences to seethe and bubble and make her feel uncomfortable; then she dons cloak and bonnet and starts off to her most confidential friend, to whom, under a pledge of secrecy, she reveals the tale, which by this time, under the seething and bubbling process, has grown large dimensions, fraught with more terrible meaning. The confidential friend is forced in time, by the same unpleasant seething and bubbling sensation, to reveal the secret to her own confidante, who passes it on, and soon the public is in possession of a horrible scandal, which it seldom dreams of doubting, or attempts to disprove, for scandals are too precious, even in religious communities, to be ruthlessly destroyed.

Should the unfortunate victim of the scandal succeed in tracing it back to No. 1, that astute individual shelters himself behind his grain of truth, and if he escapes condign punishment at the hands of the injured party he has nothing further to fear, as far as the law is concerned.

The following is a true story illustrative of the fact:

At the latter end of the year 1898 a gentleman, who happened to be separated from his wife, left that well-known stronghold of Christianity, "The City of Many Churches," en route for England, taking with him his daughter. The girl went with the full consent of her mother and other relatives; her friends accompanied her to the station to see her off; there was nothing clandestine about the proceedings, nor any reason why there should be. About a month or six weeks later the gentleman returned, leaving his daughter with relatives in England. He was considerably surprised, however, to find that several of his quondam friends, particularly the ladies, seemed to avoid him, or, at most, to accord him a chilly welcome. He naturally wondered what was the matter, his own conscience holding him guiltless of any conduct meriting such treatment. At length he was told, in strict confidence, that a certain lady, who had formerly been most friendly towards him, had been heard to say: "I am so grieved to have had such a high opinion of him; but I have learned from the best authority, (there is always a best authority), and there can be no doubt as to its truth, that when he went to England he was accompanied by a—a—woman."

This story, which, as the reader can see, contained the necessary grain of truth, was sufficient to ruin a man's character for a time, and to alienate his friends; in fact, it served the purpose for which it was started by a malignant and unscrupulous enemy. SIGMA.

## Western Enterprise.

It is no joke working under such an enterprising newspaper man as Hearst, of the New York Journal. When on the San Francisco Examiner that gentleman was first coming to the front as a Barnum of journalism, he sent his city editor out to capture the front as a Barnum of journalism, he sent his city editor out to capture a grizzly cub. It was not such an out-of-the-way proceeding on the Examiner as it seems, for Hearst was acquiring a reputation for enterprise by chartering fast trains, rescuing shipwrecked sailors, and putting out fires in suburban towns. He had heard that the grizzly was becoming extinct, so he determined to have one. He equipped Kelly, his luckless city editor, for the hunt, and despatched him out to the mountains to bring back

a grizzly, alive. Kelly was away two months. Finally he became disgusted, purchased a cub born in captivity, and one fine day led him into the Examiner office on the end of a string. Whether Hearst discovered the trick or became dissatisfied for other reasons, is not generally known, but at any rate Kelly did not stay on the Examiner. He's now organizing a syndicate to sink oil wells.

## A Gallant Fireman

Attacked by a Fierce and Persistent  
Foe, But He Conquered it!

Lumbago Tortured Capt. Mangen For  
Years—His Doctor Recommended  
Dodd's Kidney Pills—Three  
Boxes Effect a Complete Cure.

Point St. Charles, P.Q., March 26.—We owe a great deal to our gallant firemen.

Their work obliges them to risk and often to sacrifice their lives in the most unselfish way.

And the hardships to which they are continually subjected, soon tell on them.

The frequent drenchings they undergo, at big fires, bring on Rheumatism, Lumbago, and other Kidney troubles.

Lumbago is a common enemy of the firemen.

That is why so many gallant fire-laddies are compelled to retire while still young men.

Lumbago cripples them, weakens them, and unfits them for hard work. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a specific for the positive and absolute cure of Lumbago.

Dodd's Kidney Pills drive Lumbago out of the system entirely, by strengthening and stimulating the kidneys. Then the kidneys provide pure, rich blood for the nourishment of the body.

Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys filter Lumbago out of the blood. That is how and why they cure the disease so completely.

Capt. T. Mangen, of No. 9 Fire Station, this town, says: "I suffered horrible torture from Lumbago and Kidney troubles till my doctor advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have been a member of the fire brigade for 28 years, and never could get relief from these diseases till Dodd's Kidney Pills gave me it. Three boxes cured me totally."

## The Entry Into Ladysmith.

THE correspondent of the London Daily Mail, R. W. Reid, realistically describes the most thrilling incident in the South African war, the Relief of Ladysmith. The guns of the besieged town had been busy shelling the Boer positions on the hills in a spirited manner all day. The fire had slackened towards evening.

Suddenly, writes the correspondent, a mighty cheer was raised at the north end of the town. It travelled towards the railway station and came nearer. What could it all mean? Then came the words flying from mouth to mouth, "The column is just outside the town and is coming across the flats."

There was a rush towards the Klip river, which divides the flats from the town. There was no doubt—the news was true. The cheering travelled from north to south—one long, great and continuous shout was raised, and we all knew the force was at the drift.

It was now six o'clock and twilight had begun. At the drift there they

had been a rush towards the Klip river, which divides the flats from the town. There was no doubt—the news was true. The cheering travelled from north to south—one long, great and continuous shout was raised, and we all knew the force was at the drift.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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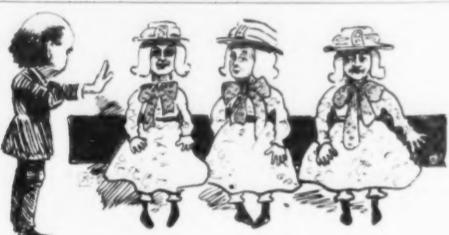
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NO. 20.



## Drama

**T**HIS season we have seen a taste for vaudeville, put on the stage in a smart, bright, respectable way, develop and grow strong in Toronto. Vaudeville is not the highest form of theatrical attraction, but, the world over, it bids fair to become the most popular. In London, New York, Paris, we are continually hearing of artists deserting the "legitimate" to go into vaudeville. Vaudeville's entertainment boiled down. Like the short story, its action is rapid. The average theatrical attraction is like the serial novel, the intervals between instalments seeming to the impatient members of the audience the most conspicuous feature of the performance. Shea's vaudeville theater has been the means of thoroughly inculcating the "continuous" idea in Toronto. Previous to the commencement of its regime we saw vaudeville companies only occasionally, like The Trans-Oceanic Company at the Toronto Opera House. Now that we know what a regular course of vaudeville is we look for it and realize that this form of entertainment fills a long-felt want. Like the majority of long-felt wants, however, we didn't know it was vaudeville we wanted until it was presented to us.

This week sees another first-class programme at Shea's. Arthur Nelstone and Minnie Abbey do a London music hall turn, which is rather a novelty in this country. Maude Meredith is a pleasing vocalist. Lizzie Evans and Harry Mills show what complications may ensue in the event of such a combination as two girls and one man. This playlet is an awful warning to young men of fickle propensities. The Great Holloway trio do some extraordinary feats on an "invisible" wire. They also run up and down a ladder standing unsupported on the floor. Anybody who has ever assisted in the spring function of re-hanging pictures knows that the ordinary domesticated stepladder is hard enough to manage though held down by the united weight of the entire female portion of the household. But the Holloways' ladder is of the ordinary variety, which usually needs a wall to lean up against. The control under which they have brought their property ladder has something of the uncanny about it. George Fuller Golden, who follows, is no doubt one of the most legitimately humorous monologists in the business. Casey, his friend, and the subject of most of his stories, doesn't appear on the stage, but we know the gentleman very well before we are done with Mr. George Golden.

Mlle. Fougere will be the feature of the bill at Shea's next week. Fougere is a famous Parisian favorite, who has been in this country only a few weeks. She has met with great success in this country, but she must sail, it is said, for Paris the week after playing in Toronto in order to keep her exposition engagements in the French capital. There are many who say that Fougere is superior to Anna Held in every way, and it is claimed incidentally that her costumes are far more costly. While she has all the chic and gaiety of the Paris singer, Fougere never is vulgar. Her singing of a coon song with a dainty French accent is one of the hits of the vaudeville stage. The other turns are said to be up to Shea's standard, and the show will conclude with the biograph.

Niobe is the attraction at the Princess this week. It is a farcical piece in which a statue comes to life from contact with electric wires. Miss Stone very appropriately takes the part of the statue. The piece ends with the statue happily married, and all the incidental tangles straightened out.

Zaza, David Belasco's much discussed play, will be at the Grand the first half of next week. Mrs. Leslie Carter's place will be taken by Miss Mabel Howard, a beautiful girl and a clever young actress, said to have been trained in the role by Mr. Belasco himself. Like Sapho, Zaza's reputation has suffered from the onslaughts of the yellow journals.

Hanlon's Superba is paying us its annual visit at the Toronto Opera House. As a pantomime, Superba is worn out. Fairies reciting cheap poetry never were very amusing to my mind, though I will acknowledge that the white-faced clown was my ideal of comedy once upon a time. But Superba has gathered up a host of specialties in the course of its rolls through the seasons, dropping them as they grew too heavy on our of date, to pick up fresh ones. The show carries this season the best dog circus I ever saw. A little poodle climbs a ladder to the ceiling and jumps into a sheet held by four men. It was a marvellous feat both as regards the dog and its trainer, Mr. Herbert Scott and Wilson do a very amusing turn in which they throw each other round and balance each other at arm's length as if they were paper-weights. As for gorgoness, unless you wear blue glasses, Superba this year dazzles your eyes.

The Charlatan, which is playing at the Grand the latter half of this week, is probably the best of the Sousa operas. From all accounts, it seems to have taken London by storm. Owing to some difficulty about a similar title attached to another piece, The Charlatan was called The Mystical Miss while in England. The De Wolf Hopper Company's last performance in London was the scene of

great enthusiasm. Speeches from the leading members of the company were demanded, and for the most part accorded to. The Charlatan was first billed in London for four weeks. Then the stay was lengthened to eleven weeks. The departure was postponed finally until nearly nine months had elapsed. His song about the frog that "handed after quail" has been elaborated by topical verses concerning the Boer war, and now is, more certainly than ever, the "hit" of the piece. The war spoiled business in London, however.

A drama which, notwithstanding a somewhat unpromising title, has in this country and in England scored a pronounced success, pays a second visit to Toronto next week, under the name of A Guilty Mother. The play was first produced in London, and after a year at the Drury Lane Theatre it began a tour of the provinces—a tour which is still being continued. No less successful was the American production of the piece, and A Guilty Mother, being transplanted from its native shores to New York, had a run of six months in Gotham, and the metropolitan success was duplicated in almost every other American city. Those who remember A Guilty Mother from last year will easily call to mind the great vogue it had here. Although people at the beginning of the engagement expected to find it a blood and thunder melodrama, it soon became known that the piece was really rather a fine English drama with sensational climaxes and stirring appeals to the sentiments, with a strong story to back it up, and a capable cast of English players to interpret it. The play, which is to have its second production at the Toronto Opera House during the following week, is this year under the direction of Mr. Henry Myers, and he is said to have introduced new features into the play and to have improved it exceedingly as an entertainment.

The clever Toronto entertainer, Mr. Owen A. Smily, is meeting with great success in his recitals throughout the province, appearing to large audiences this month in Hamilton, London, Kingston, Guelph, Chatham, Galt, Lindsay, and other towns. He performed in Chatham under the auspices of the C.M.B.A. before a crowded house in the theater, and was assisted by Miss Elda Idle, soprano, of Toronto, and local talent. Mr. Smily is making a great hit with his poetic monologue, The Boer and the Britisher, which appeared recently in these columns.

The great spectacular piece, Jack and the Beanstalk, has been brought out under new management this season, and is meeting with all its old-time success. The production will be seen in this city soon.

At the preliminary hearing of the Sapho case before Magistrate Mott in New York last month, several more or less valuable facts were brought out. The first witness called for the prosecution admitted that he had been hired by the "World" to swear to the complaint. The president of the local W.C.T.U., Mrs. Phoebe Hanford, admitted that she, too, had been hired by the "World" to see the play and publish her condemnation of it. She deposed in court that her senses of sight and hearing were faulty, but "it (the play) didn't seem right." The president of the Mother's Club testified that the play was so immoral that she had "thought of it ever since." The Irish counsel for the prosecution demanded that certain letters, read by Sapho in the play, be produced in court. Altogether it must have been a merry morning in spite of the law and Magistrate Mott. One thing is now certain—Sapho is the victim of the yellow enterprise of certain sensational newspapers.

Ching Ling Foo, the Chinese conjurer, has broken the record in the Southern States as regards salary. His price is the highest, it is said, ever paid for such an act in the South. This is the gentleman who was billed for Shea's, but had trouble at the boundary line on account of the alien law, and couldn't come. An imitator has arisen, called Lafayette, who last week surprised Philadelphia, which fancied Ching Ling imitable.

Mr. Frank J. Keenan, who staged Viola Allen's Christian in New York, also James O'Neill's The Musketeers, is now starring through the Western States under the management of Mr. Tullian H. O'Neill, of Toronto, in Sol Smith Russell's A Poor Relation, and is making a very big hit in Mr. Russell's role. Crowded houses greet him everywhere. Mr. Keenan's company is the same capable one that supported Mr. Russell.

Novels have been dramatized—in fact, they are the favorite quarry for dramatists nowadays. Real life has been dramatized, operas have been dramatized, epic poems have been dramatized, but the latest is the dramatization of the work of an artist. Daniel Frohman has secured Harry B. Smith to make a stage version of Gibson's The Education of Mr. Pipp.

William Dean Howells is the latest vaudeville recruit, but he isn't acting. He is writing for the vaudevilles. David Miles and Anita Hendrie produced last week in Brooklyn a sketch called Room 43, written for them by Mr. Howells. The playlet deals in a humorous way with some of the features of hotel life, and made a decided hit.

Dramatized novels have formed the backbone of our theatrical attractions this year. From memory alone I can name Vanity Fair, The Old Curiosity Shop, The Christian, The Little Minister, The Pride of Jennie, Rupert of Hentzau, Quo Vadis, Three Musketeers, Sorrows of Satan.

Speaking of the dramatization of novels, I see that David Hare is to be produced on the stage by next season; To Have and To Hold is already a marked book; Richard Carvel and Janice Meredith are doomed to the same treatment.

Francis Wilson is to have a company of "head-liners" for his next opera, which will be put in rehearsal at the close of the active season. Jessie Bartlett Davis, Pauline Hall, Lulu Glaser and William Broderick are to be in the cast.

A grandson of Sir Robert Peel is to play Bootles in the dramatization of John Habberton's story of Bootles' Baby. It is a long cry from the Premier of England to Bootles, but two generations have bridged the gap.

Three theaters in Canada have been burned down this winter, the London Opera House, the Theatre Francais, Montreal, and lastly, the Academy of Music, of Quebec, the only theater in that city.

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Maude Adams is to appear in Rostand's new play, L'Aiglon, which Bernhardt has just produced in Paris. The first performance will probably occur in September.

Augustus Thomas, the author of Arizona, In Mizzouri, and Alabama, is continuing his tour of the States, having completed The Gentleman from Texas.

Roland Reed, who has been in a hospital for the last four months, has now, it is announced, fully recovered. He will commence work again in August.

The Belle of New York, a light musical piece which made a sensation in London, will be the attraction at the Grand the latter half of next week.

There are now three plays before the public dealing with

the early part of the Christian era, The Sign of the Cross, Ben Hur, and Quo Vadis.

Ellen Terry is appearing again in Robespierre, having recovered from the illness she encountered in Toronto.

Tony Pastor, the well-known New York manager, celebrated his thirty-fifth year of managership last Thursday.

Miss Julia Arthur's trouble is neurasthenia, which, as far as I can make out, is nervous collapse.

The Three Little Lambs, seen here at the Grand two weeks ago, closes its season next week.

Master and Man is the bill at the Princess next week.

## AFTER THE PLAY.

My gemmed lorgnette and my opera gloves,  
And the flowers that drooped and died,  
And the numberless things that a girl-heart loves,  
I carelessly toss aside.

For the play is done, and I sit and muse  
In the hush of my darkened room,  
While the wilted buds sweet scents diffuse  
Like incense lamps in the gloom.

Oh, my mind still turns to each tragic scene  
And the thrilling plot of the play,  
And I wonder if ever a man has been  
Who loved in so wondrous a way?

I recall each passionate word he'd speak  
As he sued for her hand and heart,  
And it grieved me to think that the glow on her cheek  
Was only the blush of art;

And the words that he spoke were but idle words  
In spite of their seeming strength,  
Like the songsters that lie to the nesting birds  
Their love of a season's length!

For the glamor that came with the footlights' glow  
Has gone with their vanished gleams,  
And I feel the regret a sleeper must know  
When he wakes from alluring dreams.

And I wonder if when youth's curtain will fall,  
And the future lies cold and gray,  
My life will seem with its gloom and pall  
But the aftermath of a play?

—Ella Bentley, Jr., in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## The Whist Novice.

**J**OHNNY SINGLETON had ideas of his own. In a progressive age like this, I suppose one can hardly hope to find anyone without them, but what made it peculiarly aggravating in him was that he was learning to play whist.

"How are you getting on?" I asked him one evening.

"Are the mysteries percolating through your brain?"

"They're more likely honeycombing it," he answered crossly. "It's the Dickens of a game to learn. A fellow with less determination than I have would have given it up long ago."

"Oh, you've found that out, have you?"

"It would be queer if I hadn't," he said, "with everyone I play with pitching into me, and it isn't always what they say. Ordinary intelligence can't be expected to take that all in at once; but there's the 'how' they say it."

"Oh," I said, "I expect that's all right; you shouldn't expect lessons in manners when you're taking lessons in whist."

Johnny laughed. "I see," he said, "that you, too, have grasped the elementary principle of the game; not that once you're accustomed to it you ought to mind, but what I object to is having them all say so at once. The minute a hand's played, of course one expects one's partner to go for one, but when the enemy joins in too, it's too much for one's nerves."

"What?" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say that your partner and his opponents all agree? I never heard of such unanimity of opinion."

"Well, they all agree I'm wrong," he answered lugubriously, "but it's the putting me right that's trying. They seldom are unanimous as to how it should be done. Each man'll quote a rule, and give it to me unabridged, which, of course, makes me mix them up. Besides, they all look so very wise, and make me out such an utter idiot it's depressing, to say the least of it. They don't express themselves clearly, either; they use technical terms, and what sound like swear definitions, and if I get a chance to ask a question they all speak together and say something different. When I don't understand them they look at me with such utter scorn, I want to crawl away and hide myself."

"Is it as bad as all that, Johnny?"

"Worse, if anything. Why, I've absolutely cowered when convicted of not seeing my partner's signal."

"I wouldn't have given you credit for so little spirit," I remarked.

"Spirit?" he repeated. "I haven't the spirit of a two of hearts when I make a mistake of that sort, but some day, when the whole three of them pounce down upon me, I'll make a break."

"But what makes you so stupid?"

"That's what they are always asking," he said, "just as if I could tell. Only I suppose it's the usual result of a system of cram. I know rules by the dozen. I can quote them off word for word. I try it sometimes, but I don't get much encouragement. I believe rules were invented only for the use of old players, who can break them whenever they like."

"Well, never mind," I said, soothingly, "you shouldn't expect a royal road to learning whist any more than in learning anything else."

"Royal—no, royal isn't the word," he said; "it's autocratic, Eastern despotism on the part of the teachers, wielded without mercy. Why, they won't even let me explain my motives."

"They wouldn't give you any motives," I told him.

"They continued, bitterly; "and how they do grudge your being strong in trumps."

"Naturally," I continued, "when you are so weak in play."

"You, too!" said Johnny, sadly. "I thought you were sympathetic with me."

"Sympathy never made a whist player of any man," I remarked.

"What does?" he asked.

"Practice," I answered, "and long suffering."

"I wish I could make them suffer," he said, savagely.

I stared. What else could one do at such ignorance?

"Do you suppose you'll ever do anything else?"

"Of course," he answered promptly. "My partner may not find my play always leads to winning tricks, but the enjoyment he feels in scolding me afterwards is more than a compensation. That's what I most object to. The way he bullies me shows him to be bubbling over with satisfaction. It's more pleasure to some people to prove other people wrong than anything you could offer them."

"And you give him plenty of opportunities, I suppose?"

"Johnny looked sullen.

"I sometimes think he makes his own opportunities," he said.

Which, of course, showed how very little Johnny knew of the game.

J. M. LOES.

Living Skeleton—What's the matter with the Human Ostrich? Fat Woman—He complains of indigestion. Living Skeleton—Well, when a man eats glass he must expect occasionally to have a pane in the stomach.—Philadelphia Record.

## Salaries of School Teachers.

**T**HE following statistics regarding the salaries paid to teachers in various parts of the world, gathered by the Nuovo Educatore (Rome) must be relied upon only as the reader believes that the values of the various currencies have been properly rendered into United States currency, which, of course, was attempted: In New York City, principles receive about \$1,500 assistants \$1,080; in Massachusetts, masters (on an

## Fool Ethics

If the dear editor—I am affecting the style of the cynical Miss who writes the frivolous experiences and philosophy of Annie—will permit me, I will pose for a few minutes as the opponent of Fool Ethics. I refer to the writer in question as a "Miss" because she "revels in frivolous shoes, with open-work stockings and lace petticoats," articles of raiment not boasted of by the male sex. I read her article on the "Ethics of Frivolity," and was entertained, until I tried for a moment to think where I had met this young woman and heard her variety of logic. Let me say that my reminiscence in search of the type was not where Emerson or Ruskin is read, but it savored more of the atmosphere of rag-time music, dancing and beer. A young woman who gazes on her slippers and the open work of her stockings as the most attractive things in life, is apt to exhibit her strong points to others who are naturally for the moment devoted to frivolity.

The conversion from "seriousness to an ideal which makes it possible for people to agree with those who are wrong," is too startling to have suggested as the ethics of anyone who does not propose to do wrong because it is more convenient to so act, than to do and be right no matter what the consequences may be. The worst half of the world is filled with people whose "ethics" have been to disregard the advice of those who are older and more experienced, and turn deaf ears to the loving and perhaps faltering mother who tells them, "Young people always think they know it all."

It is easy to jest with regard to reserved people and call them sulky. The one who utters the jeers has no reservations. The shallow stream makes the most noise, and it soon goeth dry. The friend who dares a pretty handkerchief in her eyes to make you believe that she is sorry when an aching heart yields up its woes, is a poor pretense, and would make a nice life-companion for a man who takes things seriously enough to feel grief when the world promises but little for the one he loves—the kind of a man who gets a frivolous wife generally cares but little for himself. Of course it may be "easier for frivolous creatures to be amiable than it is for the serious ones," but this sort of amiability can be bought, and the man with plenty of money can always have amiable society of either sex. All the same, it would be a poor sort of amiability to be tied to or to tie to.

Annie thinks it must be very interesting to have a strong will and lots of conscientiousness," but she can see reasons why they would be very much in the way. Of course, if we have to wipe out all reservations as non-existing, a person possessing these faculties would often be cruelly candid, but reservations are possible, and sometimes those who maintain their reserve are cruelly kind when they do not tell these jinglers of words how terribly their announced morals grate on the sensibilities of people who believe in sincerity. "Annie's" trouble seems to be that she says everything she thinks and many things which she does not think, but it is not necessary to be a fool and thus avoid thinking in order not to be a public nuisance, if one can only think and have mental space enough to retain one's thoughts.

"Strong-willed persons," the fool girl tells us, "have a hard time." Excuse me from having anything to do with those weak-willed people who can adapt their promises and creeds to their own convenience, particularly when they abhor justice because it deprives their pretty white teeth of occasional pieces of cake. "Mercy" is also abhorred, "unless one consorts with unfortunate or sinful people." "Praise should be avoided." The girl with the pretty slippers is nearer right in this respect than in any other. Praise is akin to flattery, but approbation, an impulse to let those who please us see that we are not displeased, is pleasant, but the frivolous are the ones who yearn for the strongest food and would like it in the shape of flattery daubed on thick.

I am glad to know that "Byron was serious." This will be news to most of us. But there is some hope for Annie, as she has not yet made that profligate her model.

I am young myself; I like to be frivolous, and sometimes I use great themes and great names as topics for a jest, but I do not like to see a girl do it. Occasionally I drink beer, but I should hate to meet my lady friends at the bar, or go to sleep imagining that the young women that I know cuddle up in a chair and go off into a trance over the beauty of their feet, the style of their slippers, and the open-work of their stockings.

—VARSITY.

## The Frivolous Girl's Reply.

Dear Editor: I thank you for showing me a proof of the article signed "Varsity" that roared me so dreadfully, as if I were to blame for "Annie's" philosophy or lack of it. If the man that wrote it would tell me his real name I am afraid I should send some one to kill him. I hope you won't publish his article; mine got in the paper first, you know. It wouldn't be fair to have such a serious article up against mine, because there are so many serious people to one frivolous one, and they would all agree with the man who called my sketch "fool ethics." The disposition to be so very just and conscientious which he shows, is the basis of my contention that it is better to have a symmetrical disregard for excessive dogmatism than to "storm with affirmation a creature who is unprepared to feel the truth of your remarks."

I do not like people who get angry at frivolous people, and frighten them to death by saying that such principles as I have are only to be found at cake-walks and horrid places. And I made "Annie" make no nasty remarks on the loving and perhaps faltering mother who tells girls that young people think they know everything, because heartlessness has no place in the ethics of frivolity.

Anne didn't laugh at the "friend" who tells her his woes, but at the reserved person who torments you with silence and sulks at a dance, and some fatal day tells you a lot of pathological rubbish just to impress you.

I wish that man wouldn't call my girl "Annie;" her name is Anne, which makes all the difference in the world. I wish he wouldn't keep insinuating that such girls would "tend bar," or show their petticoats—because they wouldn't.

Frivolous people aren't naughty—it's only the people who take life seriously who get reckless. I am glad he is young, because I can console myself with the hope that some other "Varsity" boy will thrash him some day. Oh, I don't like him, do you? I don't see any point to his article. It is very bad-tempered, and, after all, I never said anything to him. I used to know a man who became furious whenever he saw a poster with punctuation marks, or a derby hat on a bicyclist, and I thought he was silly. I wonder if he wrote that article! I wish you would tell me. I think he is mean and stupid, and I'm sure nobody will ever read my articles again if you put his in, except to write anonymous letters and scare me by horrid insinuations.

JL.

P.S.—If you see the man to speak to, you might tell him, just for fun, that I am a man, too; a great tall one, with red hair and a long upper lip, and that I wear number ten boots.

## Spring Poem.

Little boy,  
Public street,  
Icy water,  
Wet feet,  
Cough!  
Doctor!  
Worse!  
Hearse!

## A Brahmin Prophecy.

SOME dozen years ago, says Roger Hall in *Outlook*, I became very intimate with a Brahmin. He told me that there was a prophecy current "from time immemorial" in India concerning the races which should rule in the land. It had carefully enumerated those who should rule from Chandragupta onwards. "When are we to be overcome?" I asked; for well I knew, even twelve



"Awful bore, dear old chap. War Offith won't have me thimply becauth my eyethight ith the doothed bad!"

years ago, that "every fair from fair some time declines." In 1925 the final battle is to be fought which will end the British Raj." I protested that this seemed quick work, and that no symptoms were yet visible. He said the British Raj had small hold on India, and none on the peoples there. Its hold on the country it would itself loosen; while it could never have a hold on the peoples because it was too just! Only the weak races love the British Raj, because under its protection they can flout and cozen the strong; but the strong all imagine they would be better off under any other conditions. The Brahmin told me that the karmic color of England was red, and that I might remember his words in the days that were coming, when England should "forsake her red and become as dust." Her days in India would soon fail after that.

Well, sir, that was twelve years ago, and now Persia is Russian; Herat can be so any day; there are few Englishmen left in the Indian Civil Service; red is no longer the British war color; and khaki means it is dust!

## At the U. C. C. Tournament.



THE upper gymnasium window looks out at the back of the great pile of the school buildings. Wings from the main body of the college run at right angles toward me, so that I gaze into a huge square-cornered U. Half a thousand windows also look down into this partly enclosed square, silently, gravely watching, like me, for something to happen. For something is to happen. In a dreamy kind of way, I can feel it.

While I look, a boy comes into view, staggering under the load of a large white water-pitcher, a blue little cap on the back of his head, a red-bordered bath-towel flung over his shoulder, in his face the gravity of responsibility. Surely I know that boy. There is a familiarity about him and his environment, the hazy, inexplicable feeling of familiarity that makes some people believe in a former existence. Surely I have seen him before, doing something like what he is doing now. But long ago, years ago. Who is he?

How could I have seen him, the same boy, years before? Suddenly it comes to me. It is East, on his way to second Tom Brown's fight with the Slogger.

His thin legs twinkle as he runs; his large head hangs heavily forward—surely our old friend Tadpole, just escaped from the Latin master, the luckless wight who fell into the ditch on the paper chase. I laughed at your misadventure, my friend, years ago, laughed while yet I sympathized with you in your plight. I felt as hungry as you did when, after interviewing the doctor, you and Tom Brown and East sat down to supper in the housekeeper's room. You are not thinking of that day now, however, as you scamper across the quadrangle after brave, thoughtless old East, who you must acknowledge is a better runner than you are; if not than Tom himself.

Who is this walking rapidly across the quadrangle—this long, gaunt youth? It is Diggis; Diggis, the democrat, the champion of Tom and the other lads in their strike against the tyrannies of the fifth form oppressors; Diggis, who always gave the impression of having grown up too suddenly for his clothes. What is your concern now, Diggis—maintaining fair play somewhere? Is it true that Tom is going to fight the Slogger again, or has Flashman the bully been at some more of his tricks? You are in a hurry; something is in the wind.

Emerging from the lee of the buildings, a slight little fellow comes, stepping gingerly, almost nervously, and leaning hard against the March wind pouring round the corner. I know you too, you strong-spirited, weak-bodied little giant. You're George Arthur, Tom Brown's protege, and Dr. Arnold's means of Tom's regeneration. And who is that hulking fellow that snatches your cap and runs on ahead? Not Flashman the bully, whom Tom and East fought in the hall, with Diggis to see fair play? No, not Flashman, for he stops, laughs, and puts the hat back on your head. It must be one of the good-natured seniors from the sixth.

A tall, lithe, well-built form, wrapped in a dressing-gown, his bare legs and gymnasium shoes showing at the opening in front. He is surrounded by a halo of other boys of various sizes, some of whom walk backward in front of the hero, gazing at his face and harkening for any chance word of wisdom from his lips. He himself walks with calm dignity across the quadrangle. He passes the corner and disappears from view beneath the window. Young Brook! What can it mean, young Brook on the way to some deed of prowess with his own true friends from the sixth, and a group of admirers from the lower forms?

There is something in the wind this afternoon. Here comes the whole third form streaming out across the court on the run, bareheaded for the most part; in the rear Martin, the naturalist, who keeps mice and spiders in his den. His hands are in his trousers pockets, and his shoulders wobble right and left as he runs flat-footed after the others. All in the one direction, all disappear under the window where I am standing. Can it be a foot-ball match with the town? No, it is not the foot-ball season. It is not a paper chase. It must be a fight. That is it—the boy with the water-pitcher and the towel; young Brook, stripped, in the midst of friends; everybody making towards the gymnasium. Can it be that the fights are held in the gymnasium now and not behind the chapel, as they used to be? Does the Doctor know? Ah, here he comes now, talking with

Old Brook. The Doctor believes in an honest, open, manly fight where principle is involved. He believes that man must always fight, only let him fight on the side of right, and honorably.

Now they come, thick and fast. Here are the first and second, rushing eagerly, but not boisterously. It is serious business they are about to witness, not play. Across and out of the quadrangle they pour and disappear. Here come a group of masters talking gravely, holding their hats on as they meet the blast of wind at the corner of the building. Masters! They too? Is it young Brook, Tom Brown, the Slogger—or who is it that is going to fight? Perhaps all are. At any rate, the whole school is turning out to see.

On Friday last, at the most English-like school in this province of English ideals and American practices—Upper Canada College—was held the annual boxing tournament. It is not that I am an "old boy," though I would dearly love to be one, nor have I any personal attachment to the college, for few of my friends ever went there, yet I find a charm about Upper Canada College I can only explain in one way. It is the atmosphere of those old school stories like Tom Brown at Rugby that clings to the place. It seems such a healthy-minded, physically wholesome English sort of environment for a boy. In Upper Canada College you can fancy you see the old familiar types of Tom Hughes' immortal story. You recall the old days when you followed the adventures of Jones minor and Muggins major and the other characters of delightful memory in that excellent journal, the Boys' Own Paper. At that boxing tournament last Friday I felt as if I had stepped into the Fifth Form at St. Dominic's, or Tom Brown, or some one of those standard school yarns, whose authors seemed to have understood the nature of boys so well.

Last Friday afternoon I saw blows given with a will and received with equanimity and good nature. I saw intense earnestness and perfect fairness exhibited in open competition. The English idea of honor in sport and competition of all kinds is in danger in this country owing to the influence of a different spirit predominating in the United States. There success is apt to cover everything. If fair play loses, abandon fair play. Win by fair means if possible, but win.

At Upper Canada College they are preserving that old Rugby spirit as no other institution I know of is doing. Namby-pamby people cry out against the brutality of boxing. Cowardice and namby-pambyism are worse evils, and lack of principle in competition the worst of all. What matter a bloody nose if a boy learn the control of his temper? What matter defeat if a boy frankly does the best he knows, and keeps clear of trickery?

Last Friday I saw a boy weighing one hundred and five pounds reach what are technically known as the "finals" in the school boxing championship. He had won in his own class and in the next class above him. The boy he met finally had also beaten the opponents of his own weight and those in the "heavy-weight," the one above himself. These final two represented the school "bantam," and the "middle" weights. There was a difference of about twenty pounds between them, and a disparity in height, and length of arm, which counts greatly in boxing. The smaller boy fought gamely and lost the title of champion of the school on a small margin. Do you think he will make any poorer a business man than his father, other things being equal, for this early opportunity of developing the power of combating against odds? Do you think the spirit of honor and manliness in which boxing at Upper Canada is conducted will be a handicap to those boys in after life? I hope not. I sincerely trust that modern business will not have degenerated so far in so short a time. If there were more institutions with the spirit of Upper Canada College, I doubt if it ever would be so.

S. H.

## Buying a Hat.

MOLLY and I went out to buy a hat each. We started with pleasant anticipations, although it isn't really as much of a pastime as the men of one's family imagine. They think it is joy unlimited to us, and light pockets for them. That view of it is a half truth, however. I suppose one cannot expect anything else in a world where there are so many more half truths than whole ones, and where a girl's features deviate from strictly classic lines.

In the first place, hats are made for the young, the pretty, and the beautiful, and the average woman, the plain one, and the elderly are not provided for as they should be. I've found that out over and over again, although I'm sure there are uglier persons than myself. Molly has often told me so, and she's not one of those girls who'll say anything flattering just to keep you in a good humor. She just admits your difficulty and tells you how to get out of it, and she'll misquote any old platitude to cheer you up.

We had been to two millinery openings, and I had tried on at least twenty hats, with despairing results. The most modest one I could find, made me look a parody of myself, and I haven't a face that can stand that sort of thing. No one would suppose that a plain straw, two bows of ribbon, a couple of bunches of violets, a quill, and a pom-pom could produce such a result, but it was evident at the merest glance in the looking-glass, while the really handsome ones gave me a striking resemblance to a Zulu warrior, notwithstanding the fact that the lights were low, as they have a way of being in millinery shops. I absolutely shuddered at the effect full broad daylight would have upon them, for I wasn't buying one for theater wear. So I took it off with disgust, mingled with mortifying self-depreciation.

It is hard to feel you are capable of making a beautiful thing look ugly!

Molly understood, picked the thing up, and placed it on her own head, where it looked charming, and as if made for her. "Never mind, my dear," she said. "Be good, sweet maid let those who can, be pretty." She has, of course, worries of her own in the millinery line, but her difficulty lies in the fact that she looks well in so many hats that she feels it a pity to limit herself to one, and that leads her into extravagance. However, to go back to oneself, which, somehow or



"Yer know, them Boers 'as bin storin' guns and hamblition for years!"

other, one always does, her remark wasn't as consolatory as it might have been. Of course, like other women, I have my aspirations for higher things, but there are times when I would almost rather be pretty than good, or rather I want to be both, and not being the former prevents my being the latter. How one thing depends upon another!

While Molly grew cheerful trying on hats, I got gloomy and tired of the world, or rather tired of my efforts to live up to its millinery standards. I'm gifted with a fatal facility to see my own defects, and all the blandishments of the most skillful saleswoman cannot make me want to buy a handsome hat that makes me look a fright. There are women I know who, thinking they can't be pretty themselves, take consolation in getting pretty clothes, and they pile on lace, and silk, and feathers, and wings, and buckles, and flowers, hoping, I suppose, that people will look at these millinery erections instead of them. I couldn't bear to sink my individuality in such a way, my appearance isn't really quite as hopeless as that. As a matter of fact, my requirements in the hat line are what may be called "a long-felt want."

There are lots of women who can't successfully carry a flower garden, or a Christy-stuff, and who must fall back upon being stylish, and that is something every pretty girl can't do. My style, unfortunately, isn't always the prevailing one. A millinery artiste should adapt the style to me. We can't be all canary birds, but a well-plumed sparrow has a nice alert look of her own.

We went to several other places, and we got any number of ideas, but no combination of them that was at all becoming to me. I would gladly have bought one if I had.

After trying on a dozen or more, my hair was all untidy and floppy, and I felt mentally and physically limp. I longed to go home and hide my head in a hole. It made me feel so alone in the world, so utterly out of conceit of myself (and I don't believe that's a wholesome condition of mind except in Lent) to think that not one of those beautiful hats, and lots of them were artistic gems, suited me. Now that's a mean feeling for an intelligent human being to have forced upon her, isn't it? Yet it's far more common than men suppose, but things of beauty are not joys for ever, when you listen to the persuasive salesperson instead of using your eyes in a looking-glass with a strong light upon it—I've proved this often, and by the loss of many regretted dollars. Our shopping ended in our buying some pretty materials, and Molly came the next day and made me a hat that suited me far better than any of the ones I had.

I'm not finding fault with the hats; they were lovely. The trouble was they were too lovely for me. It's a trouble a great many women meet with. It isn't their fault; they can't help it, poor things. They didn't make themselves, or they would have been built to match the bonnets and hats; but why shouldn't hats be made to match them? Something of the sort would, I am sure, be a good seller, and prevent much bitterness of spirit and railing at the vanities of the world.

J. M. L.

## Recollections.

Of smoking and drinking Sir Algernon West writes, in an autobiographical work entitled *Recollections*:

Smoking had existed from the time of Sir Walter Raleigh down to my youth, but only on sufferance, and many was the evening in winter when the smoking brigade was sent across a sloping yard to smoke in the harness-room; when there were less bigoted hosts we were allowed to remain in the servants' hall. No gentleman ever smoked in the streets until after the Crimean peace; and ladies never sullied their lips with tobacco, or even allowed men to smoke in their presence. It was not until the year 1845 that a smoking-room was first established in that holy of holies of dandydom—White's Club; and it was 1881 before smoking was allowed below the attics at Brooks'. Thanks to the introduction by the Prince of Wales of smoking after dinner, wine-drinking is now over. What it was in the old days appears almost incredible. The late Lord Clanwilliam told me of one occasion when he had dined at a friend's villa, near Putney. The dinner was extraordinarily late for those days—at 8 o'clock. When at last they rose from the table and went up to their rooms, Lord Clanwilliam flung open his window and saw the haymakers coming into the field. "I wonder," he thought, "what hour they begin work?" and on consulting his watch, found it was half-past eight—the haymakers were returning to work from their breakfast! Mr. Gladstone recollects that on one occasion, when a host put to a bishop, who was dining with him, the ordinary formula, "Will your lordship have any more wine?" the bishop replied, in an unctuous voice, "Thank you, not until we have consumed

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Anecdotal.

In the Plymouth congregation, during Henry Ward Beecher's pastorate, there was at one time a woman who had a harsh voice and a stiff manner of speaking, and her long-drawn-out, dull discourses wearied the congregation. At last Mr. Beecher, too, reached the limit of endurance, and one evening, when she sat down, after taking nearly half an hour, he arose, and in his deep tones said, slowly: "Nevertheless, I still believe in women speaking in meeting." She spoke no more.

During Lord Methuen's march to the relief of Kimberley, the general and his staff were inspecting some outlying entrenchments protecting the English position at Graspan, when they came upon a company of Engineers busily engaged in widening a trench. Lord Methuen was amused to observe that while the others were industriously at work, the sergeants in command did nothing but run up and down ordering and countermanding until red in the face with shouting. "Which work would you prefer," said the general to a young officer on his staff, "digging or shouting?" "There is but little to choose," returned the aide-de-camp. "The work is the same in both cases. They excavate, while he hollows out!"

Miss Julia Seaman, a very old actress, who had a great vogue as Hamlet in the days when Shakespeare was "put on," but never "produced," tells an excellent story apropos of the conditions that then prevailed. For the graveyard scene the property-man

used to give her any kind of a skull, a different one every night. Sometimes it was of painted cloth, stuffed with brown paper; sometimes carved from a stale loaf and painted. One evening, as she took it, she heard the property-man say, "Please be very careful." She noticed the skull seemed light, but as she warmed to her work, she forgot everything and let it slip from her hands. To her horror it floated away to the flames of the footlights, where it burst with a loud snap! The property-man had given her an inflated bladder, painted to resemble a skull!

Frederick D. Kilburn, State superintendent of banking in New York, made a campaign speech for Governor Roosevelt last fall that was a record-breaker. Kilburn and other spellbinders were touring the extreme northern part of the State. Early one morning the engine stopped for water near a lumber camp. Kilburn got out on the end of the car and delivered a rip-roaring speech on the evils of Tammany Hall and kindred campaign topics. The lumbermen listened with no show of enthusiasm. A trifle nettled, Kilburn returned to the car. A brakeman, noticing his gloom, said cheerfully: "Don't mind those French-Canadians; they're a wooden-headed lot." "French-Canadians!" said Kilburn, with surprise. "Where are we?" replied the brakeman.

Madeleine Brohan's wit was ever devoid of ill-nature, even in the days of her glorious beauty, and the triumphs on the French stage with which it endowed her—for, as an actress, she was the least of the three Brohans; as a woman, the loveliest. An actor, troubled with a club-foot, was complaining bitterly to her of his infirmity. "Poor fellow," she said, "when, in years to come, you have a foot in the grave, arrange that it may be this one." But she could take her own part on occasion against the bores who invaded her dressing-room. One of these, noting that her only spare chair was always littered with grease-paints and powder-boxes, asked Madeleine why this was. "Well, I really have to do it," she said, with seeming cheerlessness, "to prevent tiresome people from sitting down!" On another occasion at the Comedie, of which she was for so many years the bright particular star, a great functionary came up to her patronizingly in the foyer. "Ah! ma chere," he said, "let me make you laugh with a stupid thing—une betise." The ripple of discreetly subdued laughter with which Madeline's reply was greeted sorely puzzled the great man. Yet she simply said: "Parlez!"

The Queen's visit to Ireland is the most interesting event which has occupied the minds of the excitable children of Erin for a good many years, —if one said "pleasant" instead of "interesting," one might add many years more. Many persons believe, and the Detroit News-Tribune announces editorially, that Her Most Gracious Majesty has never been in Ireland at all. As a matter of fact, she has been there on three separate occasions, as I see

simply remarked by the editor of a small Canadian paper, who saw her every time. In 1849, when Ireland, God pity her, was famine-stricken; in 1853, when Irish soldiers were "eating bear meat" away East, and in 1861, the good lady crossed that choppy sea and trod the earth of turf and shamrock. She was shot at in Ireland, for the fools weren't all dead then, and it's the memory of that crazy bullet which whistles through the minds of those who would fail persuade her to-day to give Ireland the go-by. But Victoria does not scare easily, not at all events of her own people, and she'll go on her message of love and good-will, God bless her, and Irish hearts will melt at her coming, and Dublin will cry to Killarney, and Derry to Wexford. "Cae Mille Failthe" to the white-haired colleen! By the way, Queenstown, where so many of you will look in on your way abroad this summer, was Cove of Cork until the Queen's visit in 1849, when it was named as to-day, in her honor. As she remarks in her Diary, "We landed, in order that the name of Queenstown might be given to the place in Ireland upon which I first set my foot."

A woman came into the sanctum in a red fury; someone had made a statement about her which was not true; wasn't it ridiculous, shameful? shouldn't someone just tell the other someone how mean and generally depraved she was? and so on. The first thing that occurred to me as I heard her complaint was that the affair was out of all proportion to the fuss she was making over it; I mean, that what was of intense annoyance and moment to her was not of any interest to anyone else. These ultra-sensitive beings are generally abnormally self-conscious and self-centered. And when I told her that, and begged her not to afflict herself further, she said I was unsympathetic and generally disappointing. So that I have rather come to the conclusion it was a case of "Persecute me, I loves to be persecuted!"

These are the days when the girls, the young matrons, and the mothers of families have a great work to accomplish, and that work is the purchasing of the Easter hat. By the way, the Easter "bonnet" has taken a new turn—having a worthy example in the Queen, whose hats are the very most awful bits of millinery ever evolved. Her Gracious Majesty wears bonnets for "best," of course, but I have heard she sews straw plait into chapeaux for everyday wear, and has strings of broad ribbon to them, too. But to return to the buying of one's spring hat. Whether to purchase what is becoming or to go in for style, to buy a hat that is ravishing for three wearings, and after that becomes a weariness by reason of its startling color or design, or to select one which, though it can never cause a sigh of envy to emerge from the lips of beauty, will neither curve said rosy lips into a scornful remark, "There's that rampant hat again!" That is the question. LADY GAY.

The great objection to city life has always been to me the lack of privacy. You overlook your neighbor, and your neighbor keeps tab on you, if either feels inquisitive or impertinent—curiosity isn't impertinence, of course—but the city crowding of blocks of houses, and the lack of privacy consequent thereon, makes many an one forget the respect for oneself and one's neighbor which may have a chance to develop in "private grounds." The inquisitiveness of a small town is impertinent, because it necessitates an active doggling, a peering over fences and a nosing of footsteps, whereas, here in the close-built city, where the houses crowd disrepectfully upon one another, it takes a great deal more trouble to avoid knowing than to know what is one's neighbor's business. The other day I was in a house where the hostess said, "Do you smell onions, my dear, for those horrid people next door have been trying 'em all day. They always do on my day. Aren't they wretches?" True enough, the faintest odor of the impossible bulb was detectable! I put it to you, isn't life a bit too crowded when one's neighbor's fried onions must be taken into account?

Someone has sent me something funny this morning, a parody on the silk petticoat endless chain scheme of which I wrote the other day. In

the prospectus of the Two-cent best silk pyjama suit from the Penny pyjama peaceful repose company, a coupon is offered for five dollars, and the following Pynters about Pyjamas decorate the back of the little book: Some are made of "taffy-ta" silk and give "sweet" repose,

Some are made of "watered" silk—need no washing—are delightfully cool in summer. By sleeping in "watered" silk one is saved the time and trouble of a bath on a cold winter's morning.

"China" silk—used for breakfast in bed.

"Indian" silk—for dark knights. We have a curious old suit of "ribbed" silk—said to have been used by Adam in his historic sleep.

Some are made with a "feather" stitch—light and warm for a downy couch.

Those for children have a "tuck in" at the waste.

Some are made with a pelisse which acts as a burglar alarm.

The questions which deal with measurements are a trifle irrelevant, it seems to me, but perhaps not! On which side do you sleep, inside or outside? Length of snore? Discounts are given to Patriots choosing red, white and blue, or Irish green. Nationality and length of bed are also demanded. It seems a good deal for a penny!

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## Studio and Gallery

THE art of Holland has always maintained its distinctive features, directness, simplicity. It has been less led aside by passing fads than any other school. It has always been true to the national constitutional genius. It has never degenerated wholly into imitation of that of any other country. It has been always like its people, home-loving, contented; a trifle heavy perhaps, and sombre at times, but wise, very wise, in its generation, and with a Boer tendency to "get there," and an even more marked tendency to stay. The physical features, the atmospheric conditions, so different from elevated sunny lands, the picturesqueness and quaintness and ancientness of its buildings and customs, make it always a land for artists and for congenial subjects. It is eminently an atelier for the study of tone values and richness of color. So to go to Holland is the ambition of many artists.

The proximity of those excellent galleries, Rotterdam, Antwerp, La Hague and Bruges, with their masterpieces from the brushes of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Ruysdael, afford inspiration to the student. The seriousness of these masters develops a corresponding sobriety, and we can hardly imagine a Holland student of art imbued with Parisian flippancy. There the feeling of art is general. The people glory in the art traditions of the country, and art is respected, courted, not merely tolerated, as in provincial settlements having no traditions. The present artists of Holland have amongst them some of the world's best. Their work in water-colors particularly stands alone for dignity and seriousness of conception, thoroughness of realization, for power and harmony and richness of color.

A Holland artist is not in a hurry. He calculates to paint two or three pictures in the year—wise artist—working all year. He makes himself perfectly sure, gradually, what it is he is really after, then he takes time to do it thoroughly, using any medium which will help this end. Over and over his work he goes, and brings into it power and harmony, let time wag as it will, and the market rise or fall. He is painting! Consequently he produces a living subject, part of himself, intelligible, and with the stamp of intellect upon it.

In such surroundings George Chavignaud, O.S.A., has spent the last two years in serious study. He has returned imbued with the dignity of his art; with some of the feeling which grew upon a great artist, who said, when contemplating a greater, "I, too, am an artist," with technique broadened and expanded, and especially with an ideal conception of tone. His work is essentially Dutch as we have intimated Dutch art. We who are given to prettiness and brightness of color, and a bit to triviality, will perhaps more slowly appreciate the somberness and quietness of some of his work, and when he descends into blackness we may even be tempted to turn aside, for we have no constitutional affinity with black. In Mr. Chavignaud's studio he will be pleased to show any interested some of the pictures he has brought home with him. Among them are scenes of Holland life, typical of its village pastorals, its fishing, its loving home life and many scenes of interest. One is a village street, apparently a homely subject, but the part that predominates is the indescribable. It is full of light and beauty and sentiment. Another beautiful painting and a delightful harmony, constructed by a few broad simple masses of lovely color is a typical Dutch village scene, with its low cottage of greys and browns and reds, and objects of rural life. A third is a study of reflections after rain. The slim and tender trees, constructed so lightly, the glistening foreground, the shining roof, all are moist and shining as dew-drops. Mr. Chavignaud's hand is tender as well as powerful.

"Do you not expect," we asked, "to lose that feeling which must be such a stimulus to an artist in such congenial surroundings as those of Holland, in this cold and artistically unappreciative land?" "I will make my own environments." Ah! yes, we are our own environments. But when an artist who will reflect credit on a country makes his home in it, it is the country's privilege to encourage and give him an impetus to produce greater things. Usually in this country he is starved out; if he survives physically, he dies as an artist, often at least.

However, these general remarks need

not apply to Mr. Chavignaud. Far from it.

An exhibition of water-color paintings of castles and cathedrals by Henry Martin, to commence next Monday, April 2nd, promises to be of interest. When a boy the artist was greatly impressed by visits to Gloucester Cathedral, and has given his best thoughts to subjects of that character ever since, familiarizing himself with the actual buildings and with what literature there is regarding them. Among the pictures will be found the Norman nave of Gloucester, the vast, smoke-stained mass of St. Paul's, seen from over the Thames; the Holy Cross Abbey, and Howth Abbey, Kilkenny Castle, which has never been photographed; Alnwick; Dieppe; Kenilworth, and other castles, with a bit or two around the Rialto, Venice.

There will always be an element of special interest in the structures which embody the best sentiments of nations, at least their religious sentiments. The knowledge of the architecture of a nation ensures some knowledge of that nation's development in several aspects. Henry Martin loves good architecture: he is naturally disposed to treat it reverently; he is qualified to treat it intellectually, and long years of experience as an artist enable him to treat with the brush of an artist.

A large proportion of members of the School Art League spent a very sociable evening in the Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists last Saturday evening. The work of our artists promises to be better known in the future, and no doubt this year's attendance gives ground for hopes for next year, and many who have heard only remotely of the O.S.A. and their annual exhibition will in the future acquaint themselves more intimately with both. Next Saturday evening the city teachers, en masse, are to visit the Gallery. The O.S.A. is afflicted with that obsolete and unprofitable grace, modesty. Beyond the simple announcements by variegated posters, lost usually in a mass of merchandise, congenial or otherwise, in a shop window, and a few newspaper advertisements, almost equally swallowed up, it does not fish with the tact of a good fisherman for a large attendance. Such announcements are somewhat like our "cordially invited" invitations constantly floating from our pulpits, to uninterested church workers. Usually they are waited by gentle zephyrs over the heads of the worshippers and, oozing through the door crevices, pass on to mingle with the outside atmosphere. But contact with the Public schools is a paying advertisement, cheap, also, and quite legitimate, for surely the connection is a natural one, and the school children will certainly not be the least benefited.

Church Street Art League is gathering funds for school-room decoration and has given a most successful concert in the Pavilion. A most interesting audience is that composed of parents and school children whose chums and offspring are the performers. It is a most sympathetic gathering. It speaks well also for the discipline in our city schools, that in such a throng there should be absolutely no evidence of hoodlumism.

Dawson Street League closes a season with sufficient funds for the purchasing of about twelve reproductions of works of art, and is looking forward to the artistic decoration of two unfinished rooms. Rosedale also closes a successful season with the prettiest school-room in town and money in pocket, besides the satisfaction of knowing it has given very excellent literary feasts for the general good. We would be glad to know of the doings of leagues other than those we meet personally.

What promises to be a very congenial gathering place for kindred spirits is the new studio of the Woman's Art Association, in the Confederation Life Building, which, we hear, is to be open each day from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m. A secretary is always present also in these charming surroundings prepared to do secretarial work of any sort, from an invitation to a five o'clock tea—to begin with the easiest—to the typewriting of a legal document or a spring poem. On the walls are the works of lady artists, some for sale, and amongst them the collection of Dutch subjects by the President, Mrs. Dignam, to whose faith in humanity and indomitable courage and perseverance the whole W. A. A. owes its continuance and the present studio its existence.

The Exhibition of Applied Art, which was announced to open April 3rd, has been postponed to April 17th. The last day for receiving is April 3rd.

JEAN GRANT.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Together.

First Five-Dollar Gold Piece—My darling, we have been separated so long, but at last we are together again, never to part.

Second Five-Dollar Gold Piece—How I wish we might be assured of that!

"But we are. Don't you know we have both landed in Russell Sage's pocket?"—Life.

"I don't know whether to discharge that new boy or raise his salary," observed the weary editor of the "Wag."

"What has he been doing?"

"He rushed into my private office this morning and told me there was a man downstairs who would like to see me."

"Who was it?"

"A blind man."

## Broken Down in Health

**Weak, Nervous, Debilitated and Almost a Victim of Nervous Prostration, This Young Lady was Restored to Health and Strength by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.**

It is in the spring, when the blood is thin and watery, that the nerves become exhausted and the frightful breakdown comes. Few people can overcome the evil effects of artificial winter life and ward off distressing body ills without using a restorative to build up new, red corpuscles in the blood, and reinvigorate the whole body.



Mrs. D. W. Cronberry, 168 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont., states:

"My daughter, who sews in a white goods manufactory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated that she had to give up work entirely, and was almost a victim of nervous prostration.

"Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, she began to use it and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It also helped her through a very severe attack of la grippe. I can recommend it as an excellent remedy."

As a blood builder and spring restorative, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of inestimable value. It prevents and cures the ills of spring and all weakness and debility by the building-up process. It makes the blood red, the nerves strong, and the whole system healthy and vigorous—soc. a box—at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto

### Book Notes.

THE Black Wolf's Breed, by Harris Dickson, just published, is a book of the popular class known as Romance. Its scene is that wedge of civilization driven into the great wilderness of North America and known as Louisiana and the country from which the hardy soldier adventurers and colonists came, France, France in the early part of the eighteenth century, France under Louis the Fourteenth. The hero, who tells the tale, is a captain under the military governor of Louisiana. Intrigue at Paris and the enmity of the Spaniards and Indians in America are a constant source of anxiety to those who are struggling to maintain the authority of France in the New World. The Governor learns that a certain merchant, or what we would call now a capitalist, during the war, will be interesting. Four years ago he married Mrs. Christina Rogerson, who, although more than double his age, is a woman of wonderful charm, wit and fascination. She enjoyed the spirit and gaiety of a woman of twenty when Stevens, then twenty-six, married her. She was then sixty-

in their true light before the authorities at home. Mouret's adventures in France and his love affairs, which together serve to keep him occupied both in France and after his return, are material of which the book is chiefly composed. It is a well-told story, with plenty of sword-play and adventure, as befits a romance. Several of the incidents are said to be gathered from old papers to which the author had access. It has thus the charm of truth in its minor details as well as the interest of historical accuracy. It is illustrated by beautiful full-page reproductions from wash drawings by C. M. Relyea.

Anything concerning the life of G. W. Stevens, the war correspondent who died recently in South Africa of enteric fever, and whose descriptive articles are the best of the kind done during the war, will be interesting. Four years ago he married Mrs. Christina Rogerson, who, although more than double his age, is a woman of wonderful charm, wit and fascination. She enjoyed the spirit and gaiety of a woman of twenty when Stevens, then twenty-six, married her. She was then sixty-

## LABATT'S PORTER

Undoubtedly the best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by Awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

TRY THE  
Toronto Brewing Co.'s  
**Diamond Amber**  
**India Pale**  
**Extra Stout**  
**Half and Half**

PURE SPARKLING MELLOW WHOLESOME DELICIOUS

All Dealers and Hotels have them

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Brentwood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25c. Purely Vegetable.

*Brentwood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

wore of his brother in the Transvaal.

—The Outlook.

### Degeneration.

The tragedies of early married life sometimes seem to lessen as they are seen through the perspective of years. The Chicago News is responsible for a story which might prove libelous were names mentioned.

A young wife came to her mother-in-law with a heart-broken expression recently, and threw herself into a chair in the abandonment of grief.

"Why, what is the matter, Mary?" the elderly lady exclaimed. "Has anything happened to Will?"

"O mother! He's taken to staying out nights!" wailed the unhappy young woman.

"How long has this been going on, my dear? It doesn't seem possible! I used to know all about my boy's habits, and he never went anywhere he shouldn't. How late does he stay away?"

"You know he usually leaves the office at five o'clock, mother. Night before last he never got home until six, and last night he didn't set foot in the house until twenty minutes after six. Oh, what shall I do?"

### Catarrh Cured Absolutely!

The Most Acute and Disagreeable Forms of This Loathsome and Dangerous Disease Disappear When Japanese Catarrh Cure is Used.

It Cures by Healing Every Diseased Part of the Mucous Membrane—The Only Absolute Cure.

Mr. John Baird, 393 King street west, Toronto, writes: "I have every reason to feel grateful for the benefits derived from Japanese Catarrh Cure. I have been very badly troubled with catarrh since having la grippe in 1895. The dropping in my throat and pain across my eyes was almost constant, and my breath at times became very offensive. I used only a few boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and it has completely removed every symptom of catarrh, and from my experience so far, I have every reason to believe the cure will be permanent. It certainly does all claimed for it, which I cannot say of many other remedies tried." Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only permanent cure for catarrh yet discovered. Price 50 cents, by all druggists. A free sample will be sent to any sufferer from catarrh. Address the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church street, Toronto, Canada.

## Music.

REFERRING to the comments in last week's issue concerning the appropriation of a number of local churches for their musical services, the figures published revealed the interesting fact that in Buffalo and Detroit the most liberal churches were the Presbyterian. In Buffalo, besides the First Presbyterian Church, which was included in the examples given last week and which expends annually \$6,000 on its music, the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian and the Westminster Presbyterian churches, both of which were omitted in the list, expend respectively \$4,000 and \$3,000 on the praise services. The Presbyterians of Toronto, while failing far short of these figures, have, nevertheless, shown far greater relative progress in matters musical during recent years than any other denomination. In many of the smaller cities of the province also the growing activity of the Presbyterians in this connection has for some years been the most remarkable feature of the development of church music in this country.

One of the finest Easter anthems published this year is Mr. William Reed's, *As It Began to Dawn*, a dignified and melodious work, which does the composer infinite credit. This anthem, which is published by Schirmer, New York, will be sung at the Easter evening service at Jarvis street Baptist Church, the choir of which have a number of Mr. Reed's latest anthems in their repertoire. Mr. Vogt, the choir-master of the church, after a careful examination of the most recent Easter publications of Novello, Ditson, and Schirmer & Co., expresses the opinion that Mr. Reed's, *As It Began to Dawn*, is not surpassed by any of them in musicianship, originality and vocal effectiveness. Canadian choirmasters in search of attractive novelties will do well to add this work to their repertoire. Mr. Reed's anthems are not apparently so well known in Canada as across the border, where on the strength of their own merits there is a growing demand for his compositions.

On Thursday afternoon of last week Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the musical director, delivered a lecture at Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, on The Development of Pianoforte Music. Mr. Harrison, after referring to the influence of instrumental music of the works of Galileo, Caccini, Peri and Monteverde, sketched the progress of compositions for the harpsichord and clavichord, taking a glance in passing at the dance forms of the Pavan, Galliard, Courante, Sarabande, Gigue, Gavotte, Minuet and Suite. He then explained the influence on the piano of J. S. Bach, C. P. E. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Clementi and the Vienna school, and closed with an examination of the remarkable advance in compositions for the instrument caused by the labors of Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt. Mrs. Harrison by way of illustration played a number of dance forms, two sonatas by Haydn and Beethoven respectively, and two small numbers by Chopin. Altogether the lecture was instructive and interesting.

A new club, the Cecilia Musicale, is in process of formation in the city. It is designed for the mutual improvement in music of the members, recognition of modern composers, encouragement of original compositions, and the promotion of social intercourse. The new society has certainly mapped out for itself a comprehensive plan of operations. The regular meetings are to be held every other Monday morning. It is the intention to provide a short concert at each meeting, immediately after the disposal of business matters.

Mr. Wm. G. Armstrong, of the Sherlock Male Quartette, will leave at the close of the musical season for London, England, where he will continue his studies. Mr. Armstrong has been steadily growing in popularity, and today takes a front place in the esteem of concert-goers. He has been for some years a pupil of Mr. Sherlock, and is acting under his teacher's advice in deciding to go abroad.

It is expected that the new Music Hall in Boston will be completed and ready for occupation on the 1st June next.

In an article contributed to "Harper's Bazar" our old friend David Bispham predicts the near death of the opera, because it has become, he says, a social fad. Well, that is an old story. Journalists have for time out of memory prophesied that the opera would become speedily extinct as a form of entertainment. We find the old, old lament even in the criticisms of Chorley and his contemporaries. But the opera is not dead yet.

Miss Geraldine Hastings, of Deer Park, played a selection of Irish airs at the golden jubilee on the 17th March, at St. Joseph's Academy. She is one of our leading harpists.

The concert given at West Association Hall on Monday evening in aid of the Art League of Queen Victoria school was an excellent demonstration of the artistic calibre of prominent members of the faculty of the Metropolitan School of Music, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director. Miss Abbie M. Helmer, pianist, confirmed the excellent impression created on a recent hearing, which was noted in these columns. Her numbers were Prophetic Bird, Schumann; Scherzo, Op. 57; Jägerhöhn and Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise. Miss Lilian Burns, reader, was heard in Whitcomb Riley's Alex's Bear Story, Tennyson's Bandit's Death,

and Mrs. Browning's Sleep. These gave ample scope to Miss Burns' versatility, and her skill was abundantly evident throughout. Miss Kate Archer, violinist, also appeared twice, first in a melody by Massenet, and Bohm's Spanisches Standchen; second, Leclair's Sarabande et Tambourin. These were given with finish and elegance, and needless to say, were appreciated by the full. Miss Frances J. A. Cadieux gave two mandolin numbers, Avis Hongroise, by Michiels, and Air Varie, by Daniel. The player is evidently master of her instrument, and the audience warmly testified to the pleasure derived from her numbers. Signor Sajous, baritone, labored under the disadvantage of a bad cold, but, nevertheless, he gave an artistic interpretation of Massenet's Pensee d'Automne and Colyn's Persian Serenade. Much interest centered in Mrs. George MacPherson, pianist. To most of the audience she was a stranger, except by repute. Mrs. MacPherson proved herself to be a brilliant player, with considerable resources. Her numbers were: 1, (a) Bourree, Scarlatti; (b) Callirhoe, Chamadane; 2, Liszt's Sixth Rhapsodie. In addition to the numbers already mentioned, a performance was given by Miss Cadieux's Aeolian Mandolin and Guitar Club—Flyrr's Students' March, and selections arranged from Faust. These were rendered with distinct credit to the members of the club and their teacher. Mr. F. Arthur Oliver, who accompanied the vocal and mandolin numbers, did so with taste and skill.

The brilliant young virtuoso of the piano, Mark Hambourg, won another distinct triumph on the occasion of his second appearance in this city on Monday evening last in Massey Hall. In a varied selection of compositions, which included the Beethoven Sonata Appassionata, the Liszt arrangement of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Liszt Rhapsody No. 2, Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Nocturne in G major, the studies in G flat and E major, and several smaller pieces, he convincingly demonstrated his mastery of his instrument, his rich musical temperament, his great tone power, and indeed all those qualities which go to make up the great artist. His rendering of the

THE HAMBOURG RECITAL.



Beethoven Sonata must have delighted the students of that master, being distinguished by tempered passion, delightful shading, and well-judged and legitimate effects. As the evening progressed he developed increased power and abandon, the Mendelssohn-Liszt arrangement and the Liszt Rhapsody arousing the audience to the height of enthusiasm. He was assisted by Miss Grace Preston, a contralto singer of pleasing gifts and a voice of agreeable timbre that combined the mezzo quality in the upper register and the contralto quality in the lower. Certainly Mr. Hambourg has created a profound impression here. I have not heard a single unfavorable opinion expressed as to his rank as pianist and artist.

Herr Friedheim, the Russo-German pianist, again visited the city on Thursday week last, and gave a farewell recital in the evening in Association Hall. He was greeted by a large audience, and his playing evoked more enthusiasm than on any of his previous appearances. His programme, which was varied and exacting, included Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, his own colossal arrangement of the Tannhäuser overture, Liszt's Legend St. François de Paul, Weber's Perpetuum Mobile, Chopin's study in double thirds, G sharp minor, and Liszt's Ballade in B minor, and Rhapsody No. 12. His prodigious technique, exceptional power, and fine touch, showed to advantage in these compositions, while his interpretation was distinguished by more than his usual emotional expression, and increased delicacy, subtlety, and refinement. It was a treat to hear him play the Weber number, the more especially as that composer is unaccountably neglected in these days. The Beethoven Sonata was a notable example of legitimate and artistic reading, while being far removed from a mere scholastic rendering. The first movement put one in mind of the alleged saying of Beethoven that music should strike fire from the soul of a man. The Liszt Legende, while a marvellous bit of work, is too economic of melodic material to be a favorite of mine, and the arrangement of the Tannhäuser overture just gets near enough to a suggestion of the orchestra to make one long for the real thing—the sustained sonority of the brass in the theme of the pilgrim chorus, and the pulsating

ethereal notes of the violins in the dizzy revels of the Venusberg. It was an interesting illustration, however, of the many-voiced resources of the piano in the hands of such a master as Friedheim. The Chopin study in double thirds was, in its way, as great an achievement of perfect execution as any number of the scheme. The result of the recital is that Herr Friedheim has firmly established himself in the esteem of both professional and amateur musicians of this city, and should he ever return and the occasion be favorable, he may depend upon a cordial welcome.

An invitation piano recital will be given in Nordheimer Hall on this Saturday afternoon by Miss Katharine Birnie. Mrs. Le Grand Reed, vocalist; Miss Kate Archer, violinist; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, and Mrs. Blight, will assist in the programme. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Birnie at former recitals will, no doubt, seize the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with her playing.

The pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher gave a third recital of Beethoven compositions on Saturday afternoon in the Conservatory Music Hall. On this occasion the programme was mainly made up of concerted numbers. Dr. Fisher made a few explanatory remarks in reference to each number, at the same time relating some interesting incidents connected with some of the compositions on the programme. Owing to the illness of Miss Rose Kitchen, the Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2, was omitted, and the first movement of the Fifth Symphony substituted on short notice. This number was performed by some members of the symphony class, which Dr. Fisher has formed for the study of classical overtures in eight-hand form, this being the first appearance made by this class. The members who took part were Mr. Napier Durand, Miss Ada F. Wagstaff, Miss May Kirkpatrick, and Miss Emma Geddes, and their spirited rendering of this brilliant first movement promises well for the presentation of the whole symphony when it will be given at a subsequent recital. The opening number on the programme, the Sonata, Op. 22, B flat, which was intelligently and musically played by Miss Grace Emmett, was followed by a movement from the string quartette, Op. 18, No. 1, in which the instruments were distributed as follows: First Violin, Miss Fulton; second violin, Miss Waste; viola, Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, and the cello by Mr. Paul Hahn, who filled the gap made by the absence through illness of Miss Elsie Adamson. The Beethoven trio in C minor, Op. 1, in which the piano part was taken by Miss Mabel O'Brien, violin Mrs. Adamson, and cello Mr. Hahn, was a feature of the concert. The different movements were artistically interpreted, and the ensemble effect was very pleasing. The next recital will be given early in April.

Mr. Ernst von Dohnanyi, the young Hungarian pianist—he is only twenty-two—seems to have captured the Boston critics on the occasion of his first appearance in their city on the 17th inst. He selected for his entry, Beethoven's fourth Concerto, introducing his own cadenzas. The Boston Herald speaks of the exquisitely musical qualities of his playing, of his beautiful touch, his solid and brilliant technique, and his refined taste. The consensus of opinion seems to be that he is a star of extraordinary magnitude in the musical firmament, and that his triumphs in London were deservedly won.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, who has just returned to England after a most successful Canadian tour, intends to go to Australia and New Zealand next spring, which will be the beginning of musical season in the Antipodes. It will be the great basso's first visit to that colony. He is so well known there as one of the leading exponents of oratorio that he is sure to have a most successful and profitable tour, which will embrace all the leading cities in Australia and New Zealand, and most likely the many Philharmonic societies in the larger cities will avail themselves of his visit to have him as their soloist in their productions. Mr. Watkin Mills' many Canadian friends from Halifax to the Pacific coast will wish him every success, and trust that he will return at some future time to again favor them with his many presence and fine voice. He will return to Canada from the Antipodes by way of San Francisco and the Western American cities, and give recitals there and in British Columbia, making an entire tour of the globe, occupying about six months. At present he is very busy in England, and has during the past few weeks sung in London at many concerts and in Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, etc.

Mrs. Blight will direct a service of praise in Bloor street Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening, April 3. The soloists will be Mrs. Julie Wyman, Mrs. Leonora James-Kennedy, and Mr. Harold Jarvis.

Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, formerly a pupil of Mr. Schuch, and daughter of Mr. William Mackenzie, of this city, has been distinguishing herself in old London as a member of an opera company which has been playing El Capitan at the Metropole Theater, Camberwell. The "Referee" says: "Miss Mackenzie followed Miss Bergen as Isabel, and proved that Miss Bergen has no monopoly of top notes in linked sweetness long drawn out." "Lloyd's

Weekly" says: "Of the lady vocalists, Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, by reason of a good voice and style, takes first place." The "Stage" says: "Miss Mackenzie is charming in every way as Isabel; she possesses a mellow and fluent voice."

Since February 14, 1850, Mr. Chapell has given fifteen hundred classical concerts, principally of chamber music, in St. James' Hall, under the title of Monday Popular Concerts. This is a record that not only reflects honorably on the taste of the Londoners, but is one that is not equalled in its class even in Germany.

The famous critic, Moritz Hauptmann, wrote in 1847: "I do not believe that of Wagner's operas a single one will survive him." The English critics will, however, give a good voice and style, takes first place." The "Stage" says: "Miss Mackenzie is charming in every way as Isabel; she possesses a mellow and fluent voice."

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of the functions of the brain every Friday evening.  
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## Social and Personal.

Mr. S. B. Fuller, of Woodstock, was elected president of the Saddle and Carriage Horse Society in place of Mr. G. Allen Case, who resigned, and Mr. Adam Beck is vice-president for this year.

Colonel Pope, the great bicycle man, whose interest in wheeling is backed by business interests as well as love of sport, has sounded a strong note for side paths through country, towns and villages, for the wheelmen. The side-path riding so delightful in England and Ireland would interfere with no one, and utilize a part of our roadways now an eyesore. Round about here, there is nothing which could give us more enjoyment at a small expense to each participant than good side-paths through the country from point to point of interest.

Lieut.-Col. McGill, of Kingston Military College, father of Mrs. Eddie Bickford, has resigned his position to undertake the management of a large loan and investment company.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed are in pension at Mrs. Bradley's, 142 Bloor street west.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are spending a couple of weeks in New York and Atlantic City.

Captain and Mrs. Gooderham are in Atlantic City. Mrs. MacKean and Mr. Sproatt sang at the Thursday morning musical of the Women's Musical Club. Mr. Sydney Greene is receiving many complements upon his efficient stage management of the Foresters' entertainment this week, and the stalwart bandmaster of the 48th, that capital musician, Mr. Slatter, upon his original and impressive "March-past" of the British army, with appropriate music. Mrs. Walter Dickson is in pension at Bonny Castle. Mr. John Kay is reported much better. Miss Eva Delamere and Miss Maude Denison sail for England by the Mundian from Portland. They left Toronto yesterday. Mrs. Warren, of Chicago, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert Darling.

Mrs. Ackland, Mr. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Cayley, and quite a number of others. Dr. and Mrs. Clark had their usual pleasant group for tea, in the Professor's library.

The usual sale, luncheon, and afternoon tea at the Assembly Rooms in the Confederation Life Building, takes place next Wednesday and Thursday, and the usual good things and energetic committee will be there. The luncheons are provided from 12 to 2 o'clock, and, like the teas at St. Peter's, have achieved quite a reputation among the business men down town, as well as the other supporters of the Industrial Rooms. Last year everyone enjoyed the excellent meal, and promised to occupy their seats at the table again this year.

The local golf clubs held their annual meetings last week, and elected their officers for the coming season. The Toronto Club will be represented as follows: President, Mr. W. G. Cassels; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Stewart Gordon; Directors, W. G. Cassels, E. B. Osler, W. P. Street, Col. Sweny, H. D. Warren, Charles Cockshutt, D. R. Wilkie, Green Committee, A. H. Campbell, Jr., W. A. H. Kerr, Dr. D. O. Jones, House Committee, Charles Cockshutt, J. Henderson, H. J. Bethune. The officers and directors for the Rosedale Club will be: President, Mr. M. McLaughlin; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. D. W. Baxter; Captain, Mr. G. S. Lyon. Directors, M. McLaughlin, G. H. Muntz, J. E. Baillie, F. C. Hood, G. S. Lyon, R. S. Strath, A. Murphy, T. A. Chisholm, J. Hutcheson, A. Wright. The following ladies were elected to represent the ladies of the Rosedale Club: President, Mrs. Jarvis; Captain, Miss Lucy Howard. Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Lizzie Bouton. Committee, Miss Rose Davidson, Miss Emily Moss, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Miss Ethel Butler, Mrs. Bartlett.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

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Falling in four days: all scalp troubles cured; ladies' hair cut, shampooed, fifty cents. Hair bought and exchanged. TOM, from Green's, 319 Yonge Street.

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**Social and Personal.**

Berlin's neat and cosy little opera house was crowded to the doors on Friday evening, March 23rd, on the occasion of the Public School pupils' entertainment, given in aid of the Red Cross Fund. Special mention might be made of the kindergarten march by thirty dainty little maidens in white, carrying miniature Union Jacks and singing patriotic songs. A short play entitled Little Angels by some little people caused considerable amusement, while the sextette of gentlemen, composing the Twin-City Banjo Club, with Mr. J. H. Landreth at the harp, de-

lighted the audience with two crisp and snappy marches. Songs by Miss Ella Riener and Mr. J. B. Weaver were sung very acceptably, Miss Riener responding to an encore. A duet sung by Mrs. Euler and Miss Ziegler was also much admired. Miss Johnston and Mr. Oscar Rumpel varied the vocal numbers with some splendid recitations. The fan drill, given by sixteen of Berlin's fairest young society dames, decked out in the most bewitching of Japanese costumes, was one of the prettiest features of the evening. Highest praise must be given to Mrs. Hilliard, assisted by Mrs. Ed. Hoffman, who trained these young ladies. The culminating point of interest was, however, the bright and picturesque play entitled Who's to Win Him? Those who took part in this displayed exceptional talent. The cast was as follows: Cyril Dashwood (in search of a wife), Mr. Louis Lang; Mr. Prattleton Primrose (a middle-aged bachelor of undecided turn), Mr. Norman Nicholson; Squire Brushleigh (a country gentleman), Mr. Shannon Bowby; Rose (Brushleigh's daughter), Miss Olga Rumpel; Sylvia (a young lady fond of sport), Miss Minnie Gibson; Minetta (a young lady fond of dancing), Miss Fanny Brown; Misidora (a young lady fond of romance), Miss Kate Hall; Arabella (a young lady fond of flirtation), Miss Florence Roos. Of the plot not much mention need be made, but the unravelling of it by the company delighted the audience, who punctuated the acting with frequent and hearty applause. One could hardly understand the indifference of Mr. Cyril Dashwood to the bevy of charming nieces of Squire Brushleigh. Hard was the heart which could resist the artful ways of lovely Arabella; she was grace itself in her dainty costume of pink silk. The romantic Misidora caught the spirit of romance to perfection, and gave a delightful impersonation of sweet girlish pensiveness. Minetta fairly charmed the audience

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Ada St. Clair, the actress, played leading lady parts from 1890 to 1896, when she became so stout that she had to leave the stage.

She tried many medical remedies and nostrums without avail. The more anti-fat remedies she swallowed the fatter she became, and in July, 1896, she weighed 205 pounds.

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**The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.**

**Births**

Hambly—March 24, Mrs. George Hambly, a son. Boulbee—March 24, Mrs. A. Boulbee, a son. Ralph—March 24, Mrs. A. J. Ralph, a son. McNeill—March 21, Mrs. E. W. McNeill, a daughter. Pemberton—March 28, Mrs. L. T. Pemberton, a daughter. Goode—March 18, Mrs. W. A. M. Goode, a daughter. Cherry—Ottawa, March 23, Mrs. James Cherry, a son. Boyd—Hamilton, March 24, Mrs. W. G. E. Boyd, a son. Saunders—Revelstoke, March 11, Mrs. S. L. Saunders, a son. McDaniels—Brockville, March 26, Mrs. R. J. McDaniels, a daughter. Greig—Montreal, Mrs. W. W. Greig, a son. Jennings—Penetanguishene, March 24, Mrs. J. B. Jennings, a son. MacFarlane—March 24, Mrs. Alexander MacFarlane, a daughter.

**Marriages**

Hunter—Barrie, March 28, B. Walter Hunter to Adelle Mabel Taylor. Meyers—Barrie—St. Catharines, March 24, Donald Campbell Meyers to Edith Alexandra Burson. Bromley—McCann—March 21, Booth Bromley to Nellie L. McCann. Watson—Kirke—March 22, Edwin Watson to Sarah Agnes Elkirk. Gilbert—Kirk—March 26, William Gilbert to Mabel Kirk.

**Deaths**

Billings—March 24, Mrs. John Billings, aged 71. Cuviller—Montreal, March 28, Miss Luce Cuviller. McAllan—March 28, Margaret McAllan. Maxwell—March 28, James Maxwell, aged 67. Torrance—Parkdale, Man., March 25, Harry Torrance, aged 65. Todd—March 28, Sarah Margaret Todd, aged 35. Adams—March 26, Emily Burfoot Adams. Usher—March 26, Lillian Beatrice Usher. Wormald—March 25, Eliza Jane Erwin. Sullivan—Edmund Sullivan, aged 78. Taylor—March 23, Margaret Taylor. Giles—March 25, Florence Emily Giles. Wanzer—New York, March 23, Richard Wanzer.

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